The Methodist Pulpit

Eternity in the Heart

William A. Quayle

Eternity in the Heart

and Other Sermons

By

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CINCINNATI: JENNINGS AND GRAHAM
NEW YORK: EATON AND MAINS

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THESE sermons are as they came from the heart and lips of a preacher on his feet. They are left as the stenographer took them thinking that possibly their crudeness of form might be compensated for by the approximation to living words.

WILLIAM A. QUAYLE.

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I.

ETERNITY IN THE HEART.

PRAYER.

WE thank God that He has required so much of us: He has not dealt with us as if we were incompetent, but He has dealt with us as if we were greatly competent for greatest things. The things God asks of us ennoble us: He wants us to love Him; He wants us to love the world; He wants us to plow the world's fields, and dig the world's gardens; He wants us to plant seeds and plow them; He wants us to gather in harvests and thresh them; He wants us to walk, not like children of the darkness nor the night, but like children of the light and of the day. We are folks that belong to the day-dawns,—that is what He has told us. Our candles are lighted by the stars and the sun as well. He has asked us to go on the Highway of Holiness, and keep to it; He has assumed that we had wisdom, and that we had discretion, and great powers. He has told us we were houses for God to live in.

O God, Thou art the lifter-up of our head. How can we be pusillanimous and base when we are God's dwelling places! How dare we be foul and depraved if God wants to come in and dwell in the best room of our life!

We thank Thee for the way Thou hast talked of us,—for the high things Thou hast commanded of us; for the hard yoke Thou hast put on us; for the severity of the labor Thou hast given us. We are not complaining, we

are giving glory to God that He thinks we can do hard things, and that we are competent for God's big business. O Lord, this morning, make us see what sort of folks we are if we should measure up to the importunings of God's Spirit: and may everybody's life awake this morning to see how God would have it live and behave. We are God's grown-up people. We are God's artisans and plowmen. We are God's lawyers and clerks. We are God's people, set to God's big business. May we execute wisely and persistently, with sweet fidelity, with holy charity, and with deep humility, because we see who God is, and know who we are.

O God, sweeten our breath; exalt our purpose; make divine our activities by the breath we breathe and the water we drink, and the bread we take, and the vocation we labor at,—by EVERYTHING.

Thou Great God, who girdest the soul as Thou dost gird the world by zones of stars and glories of infinite night, gird us round with God so that we shall feel as we go into the battle with tightened girdle at our loins, that God is our strength and makes war with us.

Make this a good day to us and to everybody. Bless people that are a long way off on the sea, and give them good sailing; let them feel that they are sailing toward the harbor where God is the life and the anchorage.

Bless people in dark lands,—O Holy Spirit, talk to them through Thy Gospel, and if they have it not, speak to them without the scabbard of the Gospel and show them Thy great broad sword.

Bless people who are in prisons, even though they have the shackles of their crime upon them, the Lord loosen the prisoners from the handcuffs of their iniquity, and let them out into the daylight of the large liberty because they shall be sons and daughters of the Great God.

Bless all people in hospitals, whose days are painful

and whose nights are darker than the dark skies unlighted by the stars; whose cheeks are flushed with fever; whose heads are aching with wild, spasmodic achings,—bless folks in hospitals.

Bless shut-in folks. Bless people who would like to be in God's house and can not find the way. Bless people who would walk God's path, but whose feet are tired, and they can not. Make the way to God shorter than the way to Church.

Bring us along our journey, a good way to-day, O God. Shine in our faces so that we shall know it is Sunday morning to the heart; and afterwhile, bring us up the steep hill, inside the open gate, and out on to the lawn of Heaven, where morning brightens, and the wind is fresh as from off the sea, and where CHRIST shall meet us. Amen.

"*He hath set eternity in their heart.*"—Eccl. iii, 11. (Revised Version—Margin.)

THERE are some Scriptures whose environment needs to be known, lest the meaning be either misapprehended or misrepresented. Some texts are like barnacles on the sea rocks; if you wrench them away, you shall not be able to comprehend the life which they are. But this Scripture I read in your hearing this morning is as self-sufficient as a star; it needs no prelude, no postlude; you do not need to know whence I fetched it. As a matter of courtesy and custom I read you where the Scripture

was found, but it is of no consequence. You do not need to know the soil out of which it sprung; you do not need to know the sky under which it shone—it is not consequential. When I read you "He hath set eternity in their heart," everybody who knows anything knows there is but one body who could have eternities to set in anybody's heart. There is only one personality that deals in eternities; all the rest of us traffic in times. We deal with minutes: we watch the second-hand move upon the dial of the watch, we count the hours that pulse betwixt the cradle and the grave. We deal in years; we do not even deal in centuries. Our calendar is the almanac, one year at once, and many of us never live to see December, who touched our feet upon the pathways of January.

It is time we deal in. But there is one Body somewhere—I will not answer where at this moment—but there is one Body somewhere who plays with time as if it were a bubble floating in the sky. There is one body somewhere, and His name is God, and He inhabiteth eternity, and deals with it as if it were an inconsequential thing. You don't need to ask who this "He" is. You do not need the answer—you understand—you can not misconceive. We do not need to be told who does some

things. When I read in this Book, which has more of the magnificent and inscrutable truths than all of the literatures of all the earth, when I read in this Book that "He inhabiteth eternity," I know who that is. There is only one body who has eternity for a dwelling-house, and that body is God. When I read that "He holdeth the winds in His fists," I know there is only one who has hands that may, with thumb and finger, grab the winds by the throat and choke their howling trumpetings still. I know. I do not need to be told, when I read "He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke," I know there is only one body whose fingers bring the electric spark and set the mountains on fire. I know. When I read "He calleth the stars by name," I know who it is; I do not need to have anybody tell me. There is only one body that knoweth the stars in their nights, and knoweth the names they ought to bear, and the names they do bear—one body, only one. When I read that "He holdeth the ocean waters in his hand," I understand that there is but one chalice in the universe capacious enough to hold the turbulent, tumultuous sea. When I read, "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me," I know without anybody telling me, who this "who" is. There is only one who gave Himself that He might fetch me

out of sin to God. There are some things so self-evident that even a superfoolish man would understand at the outset when the thing was mentioned, who it was that did these things. And when I read you "He hath set eternity in their heart," everybody knows this He is God.

Now, the strange thing, I take it, is this, that when the King James translators gave this passage they read it thus: "He hath set the world in their heart." Do you know why they missed it? Do you know why they underestimated it? I think we know. Because the truth was too big for them. It broke their backs under the load, and they thought a thing that made their bones fairly crack,—they thought that thing must be untrue. And do you know, men and women, that one of the greatest credentials of truth is man's unbelief, not man's belief! The greater the truth the less does it seem natural. I am told that God came and dwelt with man, and in him. The meaning is so supernal and so vast of girth, so supreme in altitude, so star-lit on its summit, so sunny on its sides, so great a truth—yet, why? Why, because it is no kindergarten truth; because it is no little figure in arithmetic. It is a part of the intricate mathematics of the Almighty God. The little things I can grasp,

but the Cyclopean things bewilder me with their shocks and surprises; and the sudden shooting of the lights is upon my eyes until my eye-balls blister, and I put my fingers to them, and say, "This is not daylight, but death." Some things are too great.

And when the old translators—and they were great men, those old King James folk; they carried the lexicon of the English language in their bosom as no one has since the English language was constructed; they knew more of the music of the English speech than the great Milton. But there were some things they could not do. You must not blame them. You must not blame a child because he is not a man grown; give him a chance, and he will be. You must not blame a child because he can only speak in monosyllables. Time will come, by and by, when he will speak in polysyllables. You must not blame these men when they show shocked surprise that somehow the Scripture meant "eternity in the heart," and drew back from its approach, and did not dare to venture upon its broad meaning.

Have you not noticed that children will go bathing in the brook, but are scared at the great plunging ocean? It is because the ocean is so big and adventurous, and so wide, and so deep; because behind every billow is the shudder of the vast ocean?

And you must not think it strange that a child should be scared of the great water, and that a man or woman grown should be afraid of the briny, dripping hands of the great sea. And you must not think to blame these men if in their looking divine thoughts in the face, they were abashed by them, and started back affrighted, and said, "He hath put the world in their heart."

Some things you can not see unless you climb up to them. You must build observatories to see the stars, and you must let the centuries build observatories from where other and divinest thoughts can be seen. And so these men did the best they could; and it was no small thing to mark down in pale ink upon the scroll "He hath put the world in their heart." That is a big thing. Many of us do not know that. We can keep our own house in our heart, but are so little we can not do more than that. Our wife, our husband, our children, our folks,—and then we shut up in our secretiveness and exclusiveness, and we shut the world out, and say "this is the earth." Why don't you break your fences down and walk out of doors? Then, there are some people who keep their village community in their hearts. They praise with sweet laudations —and I love to hear people praise the ground that

bore them, the hedge-rows under which they walked, and the brook where they have made love with a lover, I am glad to hear them praise those places,—but to think the world is our village! they can hold the village, but they can get no further; they are limited.

And then, there are people who can get Rhode Island in their heart, but they can not get Kansas, and they can not hold Texas. They can hold those little principalities in America—they can get those little plots of ground into their heart, but the great stretches they can not understand. They deluge their heart with a commonwealth.

It is the world God has put in the heart, not a village, not a cradle, not a graveyard,—though all of these things belong to a proper consecration of anybody's heart,—not a village, not a house with all the rooms sacred with the breath of prayer, not a commonwealth with all its history and its soil marked with heroes' blood, but the world. Some people let their nationality shut them in. There are Englishmen who think the world is complete in the roll call of their nation, and there are Americans who think America is the last frontier of the world. But God is bigger than that. When He builds a man, He does not build him only to be a

family man,—though he means him for that, thank God. A man to whom the cry of a child is not sweeter than music, and the man to whom a woman's face, kiss, and smile are not beautiful, is not a man; and the woman who would not rather feel her baby's chubby arms go slipping close around her neck than hear the plaudits of the earth, is not a woman. This is good, but, mark you, God meant men's lives to be this and more, this and more.

I understand what you mean by talking about a Secretary of State for America, but I think I would not get in my head what it means to be a Secretary of State for the world. I know what it means to be Minister to Germany, but I do not know that I would be able to speak out in meeting what it means to be Minister to the Earth. And these big words Jesus taught were those you and I would have given grudgingly, and with a sort of penuriousness would have felt them slip from our fingers. Jesus taught them out loud, and said these great words; and they have been throbbing up and down our souls ever since trying to get a pathway in our hearts all these years. The world idea—that is the big idea.

There are some people who think if they admire Napoleon they ought to go and say their

prayers, and say "the Lord forgive us our trespasses." It is no sin to admire Napoleon. Why? Because he was a man with the world idea, who stood in France and reached out and wanted to hook his fingers on the earth, and he reached his hand eastward and westward, northward and southward, and wanted to get it on the earth; and the great world idea fascinated everybody who has a soul, and who admired Napoleon because he had appealed to their imagination.

The reason why Rome for twenty centuries cast its spell over Europe, as Prospero cast his spell over the sea and men wrecked upon his coast, is because it was a world domain and stretched forth its hand to the planet. The world idea is big; and I want you to observe that when those King James translators said, "He hath set the world in their heart," they pronounced a great word. It came to pass the Revisers saw the truth, but did not write it down. They said, "Such riches are too vast, this is a treasure-house too magnificent." And they said in the Book, "He hath set the world in their heart," and, like a woman does, put the great truth in a postscript and on the margin said, "He hath set eternity in their heart." There was only one who dared to speak the great words with solemn sedate-

ness, with marvelous fluency: Jesus talked about mighty things. He was used to eternities.

Well, now, sisters, brothers, what is man's mark —what is the thing that is his glory and constitutes his consequence? I would answer thus: He is the one thing here that has the possession of eternity. God has not set eternity in any animal's heart; and God has set eternity in every man's heart. That is man's glory, and that is man's wonder. Some try to define man, and say man is the laughing animal; and the gift of laughter is God's gift. If you have forgotten laughter, why do you not go back and learn the art afresh? I thank God that never since Christianity began to be propagated and man began to think and live, never has it been seen so clearly that the gift of humor is the gift of the sublime God. Man is a laughing animal; but he is not only that. Man is defined to be a talking animal, and so he is,—and some of them talk a great deal more than their share, and there ought to be some statute of limitation to their remarks. Man is a talking animal,—I do not deny that, but that is not his symbol. He is a laughing animal and a speaking animal. And man, we are told, is a thinking animal,—and that is quite right, he is a thinker. There are things which are so great that when you

look at them it is as if you were overwhelmed by a sudden flood, but by and by you come to look at them and begin to ponder over them, and their meaning comes upon you. People say man is the moral animal, and that is right,—man is the only moral creature. And we are told that man is a praying animal; and that is quite right. Man is the one animal that has an altar and knows a cross when he sees it, and is able to lift his troubled, pleading hands up to God. That is quite right, but that is not man's mark. What is man's mark which includes all these? Why, here—God has set eternity in their heart—that is it. Man is the creature of eternities. All other things are short lived—he alone is long lived. All other things are plunging forward toward the grave, drawing with wearied and belated steps to the end of their journey, the graveyard, and man is the one personality that, by and by, will go across the path of death. He belongs not to time, but to eternity. God has set eternity in his heart. That is his glory, that is his menace, if you will; that is the thing which amazes him when he thinks upon it. Man is fated with eternal estate and has eternity in his bosom. Man flies higher than eagles dare to soar. The eagle finds an arrow jagging at its heart, and, with fluttering wings and

home-sick cries, stops, then tries again and can not rise, and drops, as Matthew Arnold says, "a heap of fluttering feathers," but man goes where eagles dizzy with the height; he lives when eagles feel the tug of death, and die. Man is the eternal personality, he hath eternity in his heart. The mark of eternity upon anything makes that thing august.

Do you know why men read Carlyle yet? It is because Carlyle had the shadow of eternity upon him. You can read Sartor Resartus, you can read of the French Revolution, you can read the life of Oliver Cromwell, and in all is the sense of eternity.

Do you know what makes Milton the prince of the poetic world? Because he was a man that did not dabble in time, but dwelt where eternities marched around him.

Do you know the reason why Ruskin is a man who has impressed his personality upon mankind for so long is because he knew that time was waste, and eternity was the one fastness where the soul might dwell forever.

Anything that eternity touches becomes sublime. Do you know why death is sublime? Do you know why a dead beggar, lying rigid upon the street, is more magnificent than a living king, with all his splendor? Do you know why it is? Because

eternity has come and said, "Let me enlighten his eyes," that is why.

Do you know one of the most noble and pathetic passages in literature is where Mrs. Quickly tells of how in the death of Sir John Falstaff he fumbles with the sheet and then calls out, "God, God, God," and so Jack Falstaff for once, and only once in all his career, was great; it was when he was in death, and all his paltriness and all his littleness and all his mad unreason are gone and he is lying there, stark, with never a quip on his lips and never calling for a drink,—no vaunting, no wickedness,—lying there, dead; and the angel of death, with wings folded across his bosom looking him in the face.

Saw you not the dead man, and do you not know that all his littleness has slipped from him. I have known bad men in their day, and saw them die, and somehow I could scarcely believe they had been bad. It was the shadow of eternity on their faces. Whenever eternity comes to anybody's life it makes that life symbolical, glorious.

Do you know why the Bible is the one Book, after all they have done with it and for it, after all subtractions and additions,—do you know why the Bible is the wonder of all books? It is this, because the Bible is the only book that treats of eternity. It

is the one book whose solemn music talks about eternal years; it is the one book that looks toward the sky-line of the soul; it is the one book that is not looking backward, but is always marching on, and that is the reason why the book can never be a book of to-day, but of to-day and to-morrow. It is talking about the only thing that is worthy, the vast personality to whom this name has been given —the book of eternity. And do you know the reason why Jesus, more and more, apart from other things he says, and does, God's great Son, still holds the supremacy among the sons of men, and will hold it forever, because he appeals to the instincts of the human heart. We are eternal folks.

If Jacob, long dead, were to come back among us, he would not know the world to which he came. But I will say this, if Jacob came here and saw lovers wooing he would understand that. Why, he would remember when first he beheld Rachel, and the love he bore her, and how seven years were briefer than seven brief days, he loved her so. Love is one of the eternal blessings of the heart. God hath set eternal secrets in the soul, and you can not rub or scrape one poor figure in this sum out of your heart, you can not extinguish the great mark, mankind's divine life of soul. He was

a lover, and would know the lovers at the marriage altar—he would know every one of them, and would beg the privilege of kissing the woman on the lips once, all for the remembrance he had of Rachel.

Do you think that if Abraham came into our century he would know us, our new garments, our new hospitality, our this, and our that? He would not; but if he saw a father fondling a son,—a man with an Isaac on his knee, he would say, "This is the same old world." If he saw a man holding his lad by the hand and going churchward, if he saw a woman kissing her little lad on the forehead and on the lips and on the cheek, and taking him by the chin and saying, "Kiss me once more, my son," he would feel at home. If he saw a woman being mother to a baby and kissing it awake or asleep,—a woman will kiss a baby asleep, and it is the sweetest slumber that ever came to tired eyes—and when she has kissed the babe asleep she thinks she can keep it asleep by kissing it. But if Abraham were here he would know the world by that sign.

Do you think if Moses came to this service this morning he would know our tabernacle? No. Would he not look for the ark of the covenant? Would he see it? No. He would look for all the paraphernalia; but when this preacher, from this

far off home, kneeled down and twisted his hands together and closed his eyes and looked out and saw God, and said, "Thou, who lovest us," do you not think Moses would feel at home? And he would not ask for the ark and would not inquire for the tabernacle, but would say, "I thank Thee that Thou art here, and though I am a stranger in a strange land, I am at home." It is the glory of eternal life. That is the reason why women dare venture to do things for humanity, because humanity, however near to bankruptcy, has eternity planted in the heart. And the reason why man can be so wicked is because man can be so great, and the reason man has run so far backward is because he can run so far forward; and the reason man's hands are so dangerous are because they are so magnificent in possible achievement. And the cry of a little child—God will stop work any moment to hear a baby cry—What makes the child cry? Answer, it hath eternity in its heart. Why can a man love? He hath eternity in his heart. Why can a man grow graces, and a woman virtues? Eternity is in her heart. Why can people be courageous and strong? Answer, eternity is in the heart. Why can people sorrow, yet why are graves an eternal song? The answer is. there is eternity in the heart. What is the reason

a woman never forgets her dead son? What is the reason a man never ceases to think on his dead daughter? What is the reason a daughter never ceases to think upon her father? What is the reason you can hear your father's voice yet, and when I speak his name you can see his face, and his arms are open and his breast is ready and his welcome is so wide and his kisses are so sweet? What is the reason you remember your father, and his love comes to your life and looks you in the eyes, and your sorrow comes to you afresh and the tears fairly blind you? What is the reason some of you women weep upon your pillow by night, and say, "O, Father, if you were here." What is the reason some of you men here, with your mother gone so many years that, honestly, you saw the other day how time was scraping her name from her gravestone—what is the reason you men are hungry for a sight of her yet? What is the reason you would run ten thousand years and never stop to catch breath if you could see her once? "He hath set eternity in their heart." We never stop loving, thank God, and we never stop sorrowing, thank God—only, God softens our sorrow, as he softens day light into the dusk and takes the glory out of the sky and leaves only dim reminiscences of glory flecking the clouds.

and the twilight is here and the lamps of night are lit, one by one, and then it is so restful and quiet; so God softens our sorrows and sufferings and makes even our heart breaks among our possessions. And I do not speak at random this morning, when I say a graveyard is good to have and is a good bit of land to possess. There are a thousand things worse than graveyards, one is when we have no love for folks that are gone. We love folks because He hath set eternity in our hearts.

It was this week, Friday, a woman whose son had suddenly died, drowned in a stream nigh by, wrote me with tear splashes all across the page, and said, "May be you heard"—and I can hear the broken voice of her while she would try to say the thing she wrote—and she said, "May be you heard about my boy, and he is gone,—and he was my only son." She was a widow—that was it—he was all she had. She used to say, as she looked at him with such sweet glistening in her woman's eyes, and put her hand on his arm with a sweet caress, she used to say to me, "This is my son." She knew I knew her son, but she always introduced him. Why did she? She liked the job, it was in her heart to do it, and she always said, "This is my son, Dr. Quayle," and I said, "I know him;" and the next

time she would say, "This is my son," and I would say, "I am glad to see your son." And now her son is gone, and she wrote with broken speech and the tears dripping down the page, saying, "I wish you would tell me if you think when I come into heaven I shall see him." O, that was pitiful. And I sat down and wrote, "when you come where your Christ is, you will know him." Do you think, beloved, for a minute that God Almighty would put eternity in a woman's heart, with her vast propensities and her short possibility of life—do you think that God would give a woman a baby and when it got so sick the woman could not keep it any more, and Christ would hold it in His bosom until she came to take it from Him—do you think Christ would give a woman a baby and having kept it so long, the woman would not know it was her baby when she came to the kingdom of Christ? "He hath set eternity in their heart." It is eternity in the heart with life and love; it is eternity that makes trouble so glorious; it is eternity that makes peril not tragic; it is eternity that makes old folks fabulous in beauty; it is eternity. "He hath set eternity in their heart."

The other day I saw a man walk down to the edge of the waters of death, and he loved life so

well. He was a hale man, with a sunny smile and with ready laughter and with a contageous kindness, and with a hand clasp that somehow made you feel the world was bigger than you thought. Many a time we have gone down the road, he in his buggy and I in mine, and we both of us drove fine chariots —we could—we were moneyed men. He and I went down the road, and would meet each other, and he would haul in his lines, for he hired himself to drive, and I would haul in my lines, for I always drove—I am so good at it. Standing in the middle of the street, I would ask him where he was going and how he liked his job, and he would say it was fine to have work to do. There was, somehow, a wholesome manliness about him—and there is not anything about a man so fine as manliness, just as nothing about a woman so fine as womanliness. And so we would go; he would make his horse march in double quick time, and I would get my horse into his chronic two and a half an hour gait, and we would go on about our business. The man had no faculty in prayer—I have not often seen him in prayer-meeting—I have not often seen him in class-meeting—I used to see him in God's house. One time, not long ago, I went to his house and he was sick, and I said, "you are a fine fellow, to get

sick"—he was such a fat fellow, and a fat man has no right to get sick, let the lean men get sick, but a man who has plenty of tissue has no business to get sick. I said, "you have no business to be sick, why don't you let your wife get sick instead of you?" The man looked at me, and his mouth wrinkled a little, and he said, "I have never been sick much," and I said, "O, well, take your share; you can have your share of sickness." And when I had to come away to make a train, he said to me, with a painful trick of laughter, like the shadow of a smile—only the shadow of a smile, "Brother Quayle, before you go, you would not mind, would you—" and I said, "We will pray together," and he said "That is it, that is what I wanted." And we kneeled down together, and his wife beside him, and we told God here was a man that was pretty sick and he needed God pretty bad, he was so sick by day and by night that if God would come and stay close by him and smooth his wrinkled forehead in the day and close his eyes in slumber at night—if God would come and be tender with him, like a mother is with her sick child, that if God's Christ would come there, we would be so thankful, all of us, the woman that knelt, the man that knelt, and the preacher, too, if God would stay pretty close by and

not go away night or day, because this man might need Him, if He would stay close by we would be grateful and would bless Him, and after awhile bless Him for alway, and the man said "amen," and arose feebly and sat down with a smile under his mustache. And I went out, and soon death came in, and there was eternity in his heart. I declare to you, beloved, that the wonder of our life is that the folks we cross hands with and the people whose path we cross each day, they are the folks with eternity in their hearts, and all the divine music and minstrelsies are there. These women have had eternity set in their hearts, and this woman, to my own knowledge, as I have known her and known of her, as I have known of her before I knew her, has been trudging up and down this great America for years and years, because "He hath set eternity in their heart;" and some of her beloved have gotten so tired they could not go with her, and have stopped and fallen asleep, but she has gone on. These women have eternity in their hearts. O, women, I think God must love you a lot, because you are forming the march of eternity and you are taking more than gold to human souls, you are taking eternity with you as you go. O, men, here this morning,—eternity—that is what there is—that is Christ's field

where he sets his Morning Glorys and Four O'clocks to tell you what hour it is, with the Morning Glorys in the morning and the Four O'clocks in the afternoon, only God's Morning Glorys bloom all the eternal day through, and God's Four O'clocks are awake in the morning and the evening and never shut their laughing faces.

Thank God, we are the eternity folks, Men, as you do your business for God, if your hands grow tired, never mind it,—you will have rest enough pretty soon, pretty soon. If you get tired in your duties, O beloved, remember there is not anybody gets tired in heaven. He hath set eternity in women's hearts, and in these men's hearts, and soon—I am not quite sure when it is, I have not found out, to tell the truth, I have not made inquiry, and to be plain, I do not care whether it is to-morrow morning or this afternoon,—but some of these times we who have eternity in our hearts—we will go walking up and see Him, and He will say, "I am He that inhabiteth eternity;" and we will look at Him and say, "We have come up to see you, we, the folks in whose hearts you have set eternity." And he will look at us and say, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." And we will say, "O, Thou, who art the Resurrection and the Life, we have been

journeying a long stretch to come and see you, have you room for all of us?" and He will say, "There is room, and to spare;" and we will go in and out and find pasture.

PRAYER.

O, LORD GOD, it is very wonderful, this thing we have been talking about, and sometimes when we think about it it seems so great we ourselves doubt its meaning, but, O, God, when we think about it we would never doubt it any more—it is so good and we need it so much. God, keep these women, who are a long way from home, some from New England, some from San Francisco, some from the South, and some from the margin of the Northern lakes, all of them this morning in a strange house, which, thank God, is not strange because Christ got here before them. Call every blessed woman by name, encourage her, strengthen her hands, give her voice some new pervasive music, and may God keep each and all of us and all of these folks in the Society here, anywhere, bless them, and may they always keep steady, for they have eternity in their hearts. Hear our prayer for Christ's sake.

II.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN TRIUMVIRATE.

PRAYER.

O, LORD, we did n't think about that, that our times were in God's hands. We had thought our life was in our own hands, that we made our comings and goings. We had misunderstood the case. O, Lord, forgive us; excuse us for our folly. It is very easy to be simple, it is very hard to be wise, and we had n't understood: but, "Our times are in God's hands;" He loves us; He plans for us; that exhaustless affection of His is standing sentinel about our life; He throws His lines of soldiers about us; He is making warfare for us; He is planning campaigns for our support; "our times are in His hands,—O, Lord, help us to leave them there; help us to do our best; help us to qualify our hearts for excellency of service; help us to get acquainted with God; help us to lift our faces to the Light that maketh the whole world light with a morning that never passes to even. O, Lord, may we fall in line with Divine Providence and be at one with Divine Grace, and may we not frustrate the grace of God; but as we hear the voice of Him that calleth us, may we turn our faces to Him and say, "Lord, inquirest Thou after me?" and then may we leave all and follow Him.

Here we are once again: a company of God's folks,—little children in understanding, mature men and women in years; all our strength has come to us, and yet we

haven't strength enough to do the thing we ought to do, nor courage enough to undertake the thing we ought to undertake. O, God, wilt Thou undertake for us! Undertake some great enterprise of manhood and womanhood.

We pray, O, Lord, that every good endeavor may find dews upon its lands,—as the dews come down to-night upon the grass, and hearten the grass and flowers for the morrow, so may the dews of God's grace come down upon our life to-night and hearten us. We will have a hard week: a good many of us will have heart-aches and distresses and lonelinesses and perils and temptations and fightings without and fears within; we will have boon companions who will tempt us to evil; we will have business circumstances that will tempt us away from the fine fidelities of noble practice: but, O, Christ, if THOU art our companion and our help, we shall come through all and prevail.

Bless us. Bless this company. There are so many of them we know,—so many more we would like to know, but Thou knowest all about them, Thou art their lover. May no man, however hard matters may have gone with him, forget God loves him. May no woman, however broken and discouraged her life may be, forget God loves her. Let nobody, however impoverished in worldly goods he may be, forget that the great God who is rich as a thousand princes, is his Father, and therefore, such a one, with such a Father, is exceeding rich.

Bless us all with the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Bless us. Equip us for the best that lies before us. May we be serene, sure, strong, full of faith and hope and effort and love, for Jesus' sake, Amen.

"Now abideth Faith, Hope, and Love,—these three."
—1 Cor. xiii, 13.

I PURPOSE speaking on the first Christian triumvirate. The first Roman triumvirate was composed of Julius Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus. These three men divided the world amongst them. Julius Cæsar was a man of imperial genius. He was the greatest product of the Roman race. He was orator and historian and statesman and soldier. He was besides all this, a builder of great cities. Crassus was the richest man of his day. Pompey was a man whose talents were perilously akin to genius. And these three men, like three hands, took and held the Roman dominions.

Now there were three men in the early church history, and these three men I denominate, "The First Christian Triumvirate:" and they were Peter and Paul and John. And to the consideration of their faculties and service, their demeanor, their manlinesses, their services to the church and the world, their self-consecration, the outcome of their labors,—to that, I ask your thought.

Now when rightly understood, the world is nothing other than a place for mind to display its amaz-

ing powers. All history is a Colosseum in which mind meets mind. The problem of the world, men and women, is, not our bodies, but our minds; because our bodies belong to our minds. Our bodies go at the behests of mind: they charge into battle; they hammer on anvils; they plow in fields; they write in ledgers; they go on the great deeps as sailors; they work in the tunnels of the dark mines, according to the behests of the mind,—and the body is as much at the service of the mind as a bayonet is at the service of the soldier: so that anybody who cares to understand the world, must remember that so far as our doings in history are concerned, the body is an accident. Mind is everything. It is the mind that schemes; that brings plans into possibilities; that brings possibilities into purpose; that brings purpose into truth,—minds are every thing.

Now, Christianity on its one side, belongs to the earth, and on its other side, belongs to Heaven. On the one hand, Christianity is spirit; it is the breath of God; it is divine; it comes from the open Heavens; it did not rise from the earth like smoke, but descended from the Heavens like light. The church of God was commissioned of Christ; it bears His name; it is filled with His spirit; it is mixed with His love; it is bought with His blood; it is

ransomed by His Cross; it is exalted by His promise; it is saved by His hope,—that is one side of the church of God, wholly glorious, wholly Heavenly, wholly divine: but there is another side of the church of God that is human.

Jesus came among us and preached doctrines; He gave us a life and doctrine, and he gave us power, and then He went away and left us. He left the world to the church, and He left the church to the world; and He left man to plan for the coming of the Kingdom of God. I think the most gracious testimonial to the worth of human kind ever given, was that Christ dared to leave the church in human hands. He went away and left it, —He had twelve disciples, one of them was dead and worse, because he was a traitor; and a traitor is a thousand times worse than dead,—and He left His church in the hands of eleven men. He went up through the blue sky into the topless heavens, and reached out His hands and blest them while He went up, and His words sifted down through the sky that amazing morning: but He left the church with us: so that anybody who proposes to understand the church, must understand that on the one side it is spirit, and on the other side, human. He must understand it is the portal of Heaven. He

must understand that God meant, and God planned that the most amazing movement of history,—and I beg you to believe I am not speaking hastily when I call the church the most amazing movement of all history,—God planned that the church should capture the earth. You think Alexander's genius was prodigal when he sailed across the Helespont into Asia Minor and conquered Asia in its western part and Africa in its northern part: but I want you to remember that Christ meant to make a conquest of the planet; He meant to have the islands of all the seas and the seas about the islands; He meant to have all the mountains and valleys; all the gold mines and the silver mines; He meant to have all commerce and all religion and all culture, and all refinement; and the plan Christ had in mind was to conquer the earth: and He went away and had n't begun it. He went away, and He did n't have a single city; He went away, and he had n't any capital; He went away, and He did n't have a house He owned; He went away, and He had n't builded a single church; He went away up into the topless Heaven as I told you, and as you know, and He left all of it in our poor, human hands. And the glory of the human race is that God's great Son, our Savior, trusted us so much that He left

His work, scarce begun, into our hands for its completion.

It is as if Shakespeare had begun to write a drama greater than "King Lear," and said, as he handed his pen into your hands, "You complete it." It is as if Milton had begun a greater dream of ecstasy than "Paradise Lost," and he said, "My hand is tired, and my eyes are blinded. Take you the pen and complete it." And God's great Christ, our Savior, only began to write the story of Redemption, and then He handed the pen into our hand and said, "You go on and write it." I insist in this presence here to-night, that the world is concerned in so vast an enterprise, such a kingly endeavor, and in the men whom God called to participate in the extension of so marvelous a kingdom.

If the Kingdom of God on the one side is empire, on the other it is philanthropy. God meant to turn all the world into a hospital where sick folks could be cared for; into a summer resort where the poor and the diseased could go,—He meant all that, but I call you to witness, He left the purse in our hands, and the staff in our hands, and the planning in our hands: He did n't tell us a single road to go; He did n't tell us a single shore to go to; He did n't tell us a single capital to seize; He did n't tell us a

single one of the rules of this warfare, not one; but He said, "Go on. I have told you. Go on."

Now here were three men who in the inauguration of this great enterprise, bulked vastly greater than we could guess. They were, Peter, the soldier; Paul, the statesman; and John, the philosopher. Every great cause has three men in it: one man is the soldier, one man is the statesman, and one man is the philosopher, and they come in the order I have mentioned. First, the soldier comes and conquers the realm. Second, the statesman comes and fortifies it and projects it into the future. Third, the philosopher comes and tells the machinery and the spirit of the great mechanism.

Here was Peter. He was a man of rapid instincts. He did things and thought about them afterward. That is not always a good way, but I tell you, men and women, it is a good deal better, in my belief, to do things and think about them afterward, than it is to be everlastingly thinking about things and never doing them.

We have been reading Amiel's Journal. A great many people fall into spasms over Amiel's Journal. They have n't read it, and therefore they have lots of spasms. Some people do, over the books they have not read. When I find people have a

spasm over a book, I have my doubts about whether they have read it, because when they have read it, they do n't need to have spasms. Amiel's Journal is a good book to read,—not totally wholesome. It is the history of a diseased man and a diseased purpose. It is the history of a man who knew what he ought to do, and did n't do it. It is not the history of an unclean life, not the history of a pusillanimous life, not the history of an uncultivated spirit, but the history of a man who in his professor's chair sat and taught, and a man before whose vision, stretched the infinite blue, alight with the ten million stars of God, and he could have grasped every one of them and brought them into the treasure-house of his bosom,—and he did n't reach out his hand and grasp one of them.

I do n't plead for doing without thinking, but I plead for deeds. Do n't let your dreams die, and when they are dead, have not even the gray ashes for the wind to puff away. Have a care lest in your considerateness,—now there is the word "considerateness;" it means that you think a good deal; that you are wise; that you are discriminative; that you are selective; you do n't take everything at your hand, but you run them over,—like a schoolgirl does the ribbons she is going to wear to parties.

She says, "I don't want this to-night, and I don't want this; and that does n't go with my new dress," —and she takes just three or four one time, and the next time she takes three or four other ones,—the selective process. Now that is intellectual keenness; that is right. We are meant to be judicial in our brain poise, but if your judicial frame of mind leads to paralyzation of action, you would better have done without the thinking.

Now this man Peter was a man of action. He was doing things all the while; he had prodigal might; he scarcely grew weary at all; he could do with four hours sleep even as Napoleon did; he was simply God's dynamo in action. This man was meant to be a soldier; to form legions; to bring battalions into action; to lead great processions. You find him talking,—talking out in meetings when other folks ought to talk. But when he becomes consecrated to God, all these strange, electrical qualities come into a great procession and movement for the glory of God: and his voice is sounding on the Day of Pentecost, and thousands are converted; and he is working miracles at Joppa by the sea: and he is the same man that drew his sword upon the High Priest's servant and cut his ear off in a minute, in his eagerness to serve his Master. This

man had all the qualities for a soldier. Sometimes when he got to thinking, his thoughts worried him. There are a good many people like that, they think so seldom that when they do think, their thoughts worry them. One woman married a preacher and thought he was a genius. After she had lived with him a few weeks, she knew better. Good soul, he thought he was a genius, too. There is nothing worse than for any man to suppose that he is above ordinary conditions. It does n't do for people to think about themselves. They magnify their own powers and activities. And Peter got to thinking about what he had done, and he did what Methodists do, he backslid. He got to be a coward. His Master had said, "Put up thy sword." And pretty soon he was wishing he had n't drawn it; and pretty soon, he had forgotten that he had a sword about his person; and pretty soon he was saying, "I have n't been with this Man." He was a man with an excitable temper, but his temper was liable to die down after the flame came up, and there was nothing left but the gray ashes of what used to be a conflagration: but this man had might in him, and this man, in his sermons, became bold, tremendous. He became the manifest leader for an army. He liked the battle fire, the clangor of arms: and

in the days when the Christian church began, when we were forming our armies and massing our forces and beginning to march through the gateway of Jerusalem, and needed some man of magnetic courage and mighty action, who counted not his life dear unto himself, some man with prodigal affection for the cause we loved and he loved as well, that man was Peter: and he lead us out of the gate of Jerusalem, out to the sea shore, and we saw the floods on which the Christian system and armies were to take ship and bring the Gospel to every man upon the face of the earth. This man was equipped to lead out armies. His dashing enterprise, his foresight betimes, the splendid clarion of his voice, the glittering leadership of the man, brought the armies of Christianity out into the open sky so that all the world saw them. You may say what you like, but it needs no supernatural vision to see that every great general, when he comes to a great exploit, becomes electrical. There have been many more men in American history who had more control over themselves than George Washington. His enemies accused him of cowardice, of slowness, of military circumlocution; but there came times when this man was certain and swift as the swoop of an eagle down upon his unsuspecting prey; there came times when

his slowness all vanished, and before his cannon thundered, he had turned them and seized the citadels and taken the armies against which he had gone. You will find it so with Sherman, with Gustavus Adolphus, with Garabaldi, you will find it so with Prince Rupert. There are times when the sword must not know whether it is in the scabbard or out. There are times of great action when the sword must not understand whether its mission is to lie resting and slumbering in the scabbard, or whether it shall be seized and whirled at an army's head and lead on to splendid victory.

And so Peter,—I can hear his voice yet above all the anger of the battle and fury of the fight, I can hear this man's cry, "Forward!" I know a man, he is in Heaven to-night, but he lives on the earth as well,—one of those tumultuous-voiced men who cope with the thunder of the battle; and he led the fight up Chickamauga field; and they heard him, when the cannons were muttering and the black sweat was on his cheek, they heard him, when the spit of bullets with their infernal menace clattered all about him, they heard him cry, "Keep to the flag!" and he held the flag in his hands, and he went walking on as if the whole field and the far mountains and the sagging plain belonged to him. O,

well, that is Peter! He has seen the Cross of Christ, and he says, "Forward!" he has seen the grave tenanted, Jesus in it, and he has seen the grave tenantless, and Jesus gone out of it forever, and he says, "Forward!" He saw empires where death had seeded it down to graveyards for children and youth and middle-aged men and women, and old age with tottering step, and he knew that this army of his was meant to conquer all the graveyards of the earth and to turn their mourning and weeping into singing, and he said, "Forward!" This man, unbridled, furious as the angry sea, with the charge of armies in his blood, and,—why, here is Peter, a member of the triumvirate. Mark you, I read three words: Faith, Hope, Love. Peter is the incarnation of Faith. He believes in his cause; he thinks his cause is just and great. He can not see his destination, but he marches toward the equator of the heaven toward which Jesus pointed. You can not make a great general without a great faith. George Washington believed in his cause, Abraham Lincoln believed in his cause, Sherman believed in his cause, Sheridan believed in his cause, Robert Lee believed in his cause. You can not make a great general when a man's strength is sapped by doubt. Peter believed. He was a man of faith. His skies glowed

with the embers of faith upon the altars of his sky east or west.

When you have conquered a realm, you must have fortifications; and the soldier gives place to the statesman. Washington with his army gives place to Washington with his constitution and plans for making empire. First there was Napoleon the conquerer of Austria and Italy, and then there was the Napoleonic code. The general is a necessity. He seizes cities: the statesman holds them. So it came to pass that Peter gave place to Paul because Peter had a sword and Paul had a scepter; because Peter was a warrior and Paul was a prince; because Peter had battle charges, and Paul had the munitions, not of war, but of statecraft.

The day of the general is now and here; the day of the general is to-day; the day of the statesman is to-morrow. The general lives between morning and dusk. The statesman lives past the portals of the sundown, and to-morrow, that is his day. It was so with Burke. As splendid as he was in his orations, he was, so to say, imbecile. People laughed at him. Those who listened to the torrents of his splendid eloquence, thought they saw the glowing of some sunset cloud. They listened to him for a little while, and then Parliament, which might listen to

such eloquence day and night, or empty the house, left him speaking to an impecunious company: but Burke was speaking to to-morrow. All the brilliant body of orators of Burke's day, where are they, and who are they? Do we listen to Sheridan now, as splendid as his speech was? and we read of the triumphs of his eloquence as he spoke against Warren Hastings,—his speech was like a voice that woos to silence. And you lean your ear to his lips, and he can not speak,—but who does n't hear Burke? The man flames on your library shelves and his words seem like coals of living fire whose heat glows as the interior of volcanoes. He spoke for the future and the liberty of the human race.

There was Paul. He was a statesman because with his largeness of vision, he perceived the whole field. He understood that the church of God was n't to do business for a day or a year or a century, but for all days, for all centuries. I tell you, if you think God is ever going to quit business, you are mistaken. If you think God is ever going to put His sword up, you are mistaken. If you think God is ever going to cease His speech, you are mistaken. If you think any conflagration can burn down God's edifices, you are mistaken. If you think the machinations of evil men

can circumvent God, you are mistaken! When you are dead and your gravestone is moss grown, and your very name has melted like snow out of the recollection of the world, God will be in his youthhood. When a thousand years with their lagging feet have walked across the spaces of the world, God will be in His youthhood yet; ruddy of face, springing in step, resonant in voice, rejoicing in aspect, singing instead of sighing, serving the earth gladly,—God is going to be doing business forever. So that any man who proposes to be a statesman for God, must understand that he must plan for the eternal years for God.

Some of these times, I think God will change the theater of action. I think he will roll the curtain down to lift it no more forever. He will put out all the footlights, He will let no single glow of a poor dim taper remain like a dying faggot on the hearthstone. All the seats will be empty, all the company gone; not any voice or lute; not any procession, or any gathering at the doors; all dark and dead; but God will not have quit,—He will simply have changed the place of the procession of His great events: and Paul knew that.

Now Paul had a great mind, capable of compassing such vast designs as these. Whatever you

may think of Salisbury, I confess to you that when I see that man's broad brow and remember what is behind it, I wonder at the barn-like room of the man's brain. He knows enough and to let. That man has seen changes in great affairs; and in the dark room of that man's intellect all these great processions rise and pass. A statesman's brain must have large rooms. He can not do business in a small house. First of all, Paul knew Rome,—all the Roman highways, every Roman capital, the Roman speech. He knew the Roman character,—its imperiousness; He knew the Roman love for law; he knew the sanctity of citizenship; he knew his own belongings and his own rights,—he knew the Roman.

He was also a Hebrew, and he understood the Hebrew. He understood the genius of the Hebrew race,—and not another race has produced greater genius or more splendid personality. Any man that sneers at Hebrewdom is a silly man, ill read in history. There is n't a race known that has produced such men as Abraham and Moses and Ezekiel and Jeremiah and King David, and Saul of Tarsus, and Peter of Bethsaida, and John of the fisher village of Galilee. This man Paul knew the Hebrew race,—its virility, its weaknesses; he knew its fort-

resses of strength, its citadels of might. He had knowledge. And then the man had adaptation. He understood what sort of things ought to be done. He wrote the epistles; he formed Churches; he went to the great focal cities of the Empire of Rome; he traveled here and there. He knew that if he suffered, the Kingdom of God was not thereby weakened. He understood that his suffering diminished none of the glory of God. He had courage; he was as fearless as any general you have dreamed to know. While dangers thundered with loud voices around him, he sat unperturbed. Not General Grant was more settled and serene than this man. He was a statesman; he saw that the world was to be taken for Christ and held, so he wrote the Epistles. He saw that man's mind was to be formed, and civilization begotten, so he wrote the Book of Romans, which is the best book of behavior that has been written.

There is our friend Heron. He is one of the most delightful demagogues that has risen in the last twenty-five years. He seems to believe in himself unreservedly. There is n't any demagogue so amusing, there is n't any demagogue so fearful as the demagogue that believes his own lies. And Professor Heron thought we were all misled and

that all preachers were bad. There are more good folks among preachers than any other class of men on the earth. Do n't feel bad because you are not preachers. You could n't be. We have the churches, and there is no job for you. Preachers have to undergo more stringent criticism of their conduct, and more critical vision of their life, than any other body of men. I am a Methodist preacher. I go to Conference once a year, and the Bishop says, "If anybody has got anything against him, let it be known:" and anybody can go up there and talk against me,—but they do n't do it! Why? I wont let them. Laying all jest aside, you understand that a body of men whose conduct is to be criticised, in the necessities of the case, the worst men will drop out. Well, here was Professor Heron, and he thought that preachers were very bad, and any man that got a salary, he was down on. I am down on the man that does n't get any salary,—that does n't earn anything. Any man that does not work with his hands and honestly earn something, that man is a poor stick, and he does n't have any right to live. And Professor Heron came and told us, in strange vagaries, told us how Christ would have done; he was sure we were all doing wrong, and that he was the only man who knew how to do right. I am sim-

ply saying that the life of Paul showed the difference between a mountebank and a statesman. Paul clamored not against government; he found fault neither with governors nor kings; he did not try to unhinge the doors of society, he let them swing. He said people that did n't earn money in honest toil, ought n't eat. I wish his plans might come into operations. He said, tell the truth, be honest, be manly men and womanly women, be just, be sober, be gracious, be tender, be palatable, helpful, hopeful, and if you are poor as poverty, you are princely as potentates; if you are here dressed in homespun, remember that God hath a loom flashing its sunlit shuttles to and fro, and He is weaving a garment of the sunlight of Heaven for you to wear; do n't worry; though your sandals are worn clean through, and your feet are blistered, by and by you will have wings upon your shoulders, and there will be no weary feet with blistered soles. He brought to everybody that fellowshiped with him, that heard him speak, that read his letters, he brought wholesome self-regard. And here is our friend Heron clamoring against everything; and he has come to the logical sequence of his illogical anarchy, and he has come to be a common free lover. I do n't say that every man that holds his belief is an anarchist, but

anarchy in one department, leads to anarchy in other departments.

This man Paul was a logician, a statesman, an orator, youthful minded, glowing in speech, a poet betimes, a writer of great letters: and when the Kingdom of God that came with might and power and glory and dignity and precision and large opinion, was at hand, this man came, and as Julius Cæsar fortified the regions in Trans-Alpine Gaul and seized all the north of Europe for Roman speech and Roman laws, so this man Paul seized Europe and Asia permanently for the Kingdom of God. And Paul's word was hope.

When the soldier has come and gone, and the statesman has wrought his work, then comes the philosopher. Every age and cause produces its philosopher and philosophy. There came Socrates and Plato and Aristotle for the great epoch in Greek history. There came Hegel for the great scholastic epoch in German history, and when the day of evolution came into vogue, and all science and imagination were affected thereby, and every man began to dream what the world might be under the touch of this wonder, there came Herbert Spencer: and while I do not believe his philosophy, I do say that anybody who reads Herbert Spencer's syn-

thetic philosophy, if he has a grain of sense, and imagination, and admiration for the great powers of the human mind, must marvel at the expansiveness of a mind like Herbert Spencer's. And as Peter was the soldier of the Christian system, and Paul the statesman of the Christian system, so John was the philosopher of the Christian system. He was deliberate. Peter ran to the Sepulcher and went right in; John ran, and stooped, and looked in, and said, "He is risen," and believed His Gospel. He was a man who weighed things. So this tender-hearted son, this sweet lover of Christ, this man whose voice was as sweet as the ripple of silver waters on a sunny shore, this man who leaned his head upon his Master's breast, this man to whom Jesus gave His Mother at the last and said, "She is your mother now, seeing she is sonless; be you her son, seeing I am gone; stay you with her, keep her to the last" (and so he did),—this man with his deliberateness, with his sweetness, with his hope in God, with great faith in the Master, with an inviolable and illimitable love, this man found out that the great Gospel was LOVE. And if you will read the philosophy of John, as you read his Gospel and letters and Book of Revelation, you will be amazed to see how the man unrolls the scroll of his wondrous

dreaming,—"The Gospel is LOVE," that is what he is saying. He saw that the Cross of Christ was the sign of the love of God; he saw that the Christ of God was a sure testimonial to man that God had n't forgotten the earth; so he kept on singing, "Love, love, love."

Did you ever hear a mother singing to her child? (She has but one.) Did you ever sit in the twilight on the porch and hear a woman on the inside singing to her babe? What is she singing about? O, LOVE. She hugs the babe to her heart, she leans over it and calls it endearing names, she says, "Sleep, baby, sleep;" she takes the little hand and puts it against her cheek, she puts her arms close around it, she hears it moaning a little, and she says, "Sleep, baby, sleep;" one thing she thinks, one thing she sings, one thing in waking or sleeping, love. Now this man John is of this sort, always talking about love.

"In the beginning was the word." He begins with the source of all things; he is the philosopher. I affirm here and now, if anybody will read the doings of Peter and Paul and John, he will find such a splendid series of endeavors intertwining themselves together like the interlocked fingers of your hands

as to make him marvel. Peter hath clamored in his movement like the hammering march of marauding armies. Paul, with his seamed forehead, with his eyes flashing like stars in the dark skies at night, he is planning for the coming of the Kingdom of God. This man John is telling how these things came to be. He is saying that God was love; so He loved the earth so much that He gave His only begotten Son that He might climb up Calvary's Mountain; that He might clutch His arms about the Cross; that He, by the grace of God, might taste death for every man. If you will listen to John, you will hear his voice break; he is no æsthetic, remote philosopher, but you will find his voice breaks, and you will hear his stylus drop from his hand, and his face is buried in his arms, and he is sobbing; and if you say, "What ails you, man?" he will say, "I am thinking of the love that passes the love of women,—He loved us so!" Peter was crucified, head downward, for the cause of Christ; so died one soldier. Paul was beheaded outside of his prison window on a bright day when the bewildering sunshine filled all the streets and alleyways of great Rome; so died a statesman. And old John, ninety-eight years old and past, stooped, winter-white, frail, thinking on

the past,—not quite able to grasp all the present, but altogether able to grasp all the past, because, as we grow old, the near seems remote, and the remote seems near, and we remember our childhood, and forget our to-days and yesterday,—and this man, stooped, and very gray, and quite senile, and with his voice quavering like the voice of childhood, by and by dies; and his disciples come over, and call him by a hundred names of beauty, and fold his hands on the breast, and kiss him on the lips and cheek, and smooth back his white hair, and call him "Beloved of God," and put him away in the burial place with the sign of the Cross above him, and a white dove on the marble cross. Three men there were, Peter and Paul and John; and Peter was faith, and Paul was hope, and John was love, these three. "Now *abideth* faith, hope, and love,—these three." But I call you to witness that these three men had not three messages, but one. They were subalterns, they were not chief officers; they knew Whom they had believed. They sang one song, made one music, pronounced one name, shadowed forth one amazing glory. It is as if three instruments in the hand of skilled masters, played one tune,—so these three men, Peter and Paul and John, said one word and

discoursed one blessed harmony: and when Paul was ready to die, he said, "I have fought the fight, and the time of my departure is at hand;" and when Peter was ready to die, he spake of the "inheritance of the glory of the saints of God;" and when John was ready to die, he said, "Jesus says, 'Behold I come quickly,' "—and the man's feet ran out to meet Him like a lover to meet the one he loves, and he said, "Even so, Lord, Jesus, come quickly."

And the Kingdom of God is among us, and there are disciples for Peter, and for Paul and for John: and you are Peter, and you are Paul, and you are John. You have a place. Do your service. Find your vocation, love it. Work for Him. And when your lips are blue, and the room grows dark, and to your dim and dying eyes the lights burn low, your dull lips shall whisper, "Christ, Christ;" and when people come nigh and lean their ears to your slow-moving lips to hear the words you say, they shall hear you say this, this only—not what King Lear said when his faltering lips were muttering their last weird story, and he whispered, "Cordelia,"—not what the faltering, dying lips of Napoleon whispered forth, "Head of the army:" but when your lips stammer, and your sight is dim, and your hands

are cold, and grasp and can not find the things they grasp for, and a thousand lights have vanished in your sky, and dipped into the dull glooms of night, and human voices pass beyond you and you can not hear them any more and need not, your poor dying lips shall stammer,—not "Head of the army," not "Cordelia," but your lips shall stammer, "Christ, Christ, Christ."

III.

"BUT WITHOUT FAITH."

PRAYER.

O, LORD, GOD, we thank Thee that men may put their hands in the hands of God, and become mighty. We thank Thee that Thou hast plenty of room for plenty of workmen, and that Thy job is not yet done; there are shavings still upon Thy bench; there are boards yet to be smoothed; there are anvils yet to be hammered on; there are instruments yet to be framed: and here we are, and here Thou art, and here the anvil is, and here is the place where Thou art doing business, and Thou hast work that is big for all of us, and Thou art trusting all of us. Let us not fail Thee. Let us go to Thy business, and do Thy work, and love the one Christ, and serve the common cause, and glorify the common Master, and sing the common song; so that hereafter in the morning of God, we shall come to sing the psalm of the angels of God, "Now unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us in His own precious blood, to Him be glory and honor and dominion and power, forever and forever." Give us that song here; so we shall have learned it before we come to that great and goodly company, and shall not stumble there but be acquainted with it, and sing it as if we had been singing in the choir of Heaven a thousand years, we ask, for Jesus' sake, Amen.

"But without faith, it is impossible to please God."
—Heb. xi, 6.

AND for the matter of that, without faith it is impossible to please man. We make strange of a good many things that occur in the economy of what we call GRACE, that we make not strange of in the economy of what we call LIFE. As a plain matter of fact, God is always doing things in large fashion after the same general pattern. This is what the doctrine of Evolution means if it means anything. God has some lesser garments, some larger garments, and some larger garments yet: He cuts them all out; the cloth is all His; He wove it all in His loom; He planned every garment ever fashioned. He makes the stars, the lesser and the larger; He builds satellites and meteors, He builds worlds and suns: He is the chief architect. If He wants to build a little house, I reckon He can, can't He? If He wants to build a palace, I reckon there is no one to hinder Him, is there? If He wants to build a house of stated design, can't He do it? Who is to stop Him? If He wants to build a palace out of pure gold, who is to hinder God from doing it? He has the gold, and the mechanics and the artifi-

cers and the models, they are all His. Who is to hinder?

I lay this charge (and I think it a grievous one), at the door of godless philosophies, that they foreignize us to our own heart. Anybody who loses God's voice, loses his own. Where there is no God, there is no life for the soul. You can not kill God and stay alive yourself. I serve notice that if you slaughter God, you slaughter your own soul; when you murder Him, you assassinate yourself.

We may reason up to God from who we are. We may find out somethings about God from what we are. We may climb on the ladder-way of humanity up toward God,—He is like us. O my soul, say it with solemnity, yet with holy laughter, God is like we are,—because the great truth lieth still the same, WE ARE FASHIONED AFTER GOD. If you can get man well acquainted with manhood, you will get man somewhat acquainted Godhood. If you will find the utter deeps of human life, if you will scale the splendid acclivities to which human life can climb, if you will see the superb audacities of human spirits when their blood is interfused with the blood of God, then you shall begin to reckon what sort of life God is, and what sort of a love God hath.

These people who by their philosophies rob us of a God, have left us in the dark. They are like men who invite us out into the gloom and then snuff our candles out: they would not let the poor flame and smoke mix together, but smote them from our hands and left us altogether in the dark. The poet says, "We rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things." True, but there is a larger truth that by humanity as a ladder-way, a man may mount up into his conception of God.

The worlds are not foreign to us. We would feel at home in other stars than ours. On the planet Venus, on the planet Mars, on the planet Neptune, you would not think you were on a foreign shore, you would think you had landed on some bleak, lone coast of this old world, or that you had come to the Antarctic Circle, or to where the barren wastes of the Sahara toss their yellow dust in your face and bruise your forehead by their smoke and furnace heat. If there had been a new star discovered, and the discoverer says, "It is all new. There is no land like ours, no river ways, no water courses, no leap of tide and lift of waters with their surly laughter, no clouds to float in the far air, for it hath no air in which the clouds may float,"—do n't you think if anybody told you such a story, you should

be altogether lost? You would have no method of approach, no key to unlock its mystery. But if somebody says, "We have found a new star in the sky like this star on which we dwell; there are great mountains lifting furrowed heights, there are vast crevasses crowded with snows, there are lofty altitudes where the winters never balm toward spring-time; there are green valleys where there are the swaying of the tree boughs, and the puff and smoke of perfume in the spring-time, and the undulations of the wheat fields leaping an eager sea of green,"—and you say, "It is like the home land; like the purling of the brooks where I used to run and play." God means people to be able to track themselves through the universe by the path He hath already made; and God Almighty means man to get acquainted with Himself because He has put us here.

We are familiar with our own hearts and with the hearts of others. We have seen other people's lives, and other people's troubles; we have seen disasters that have come in the tragedy of other folks' experience; we have seen the grief of the widow and of the fatherless and motherless, and of the bereaved; we have seen lonely, terrorized people whom distress had bruised worse than the attrition of bat-

tle or the crowding of the great throng. We know that somewhere God lives and moves because we have seen the same order of life and movement. Did you ever see a man, and you looked at him,—as you passed him on the street, and you looked at him quickly, and you knew you had never seen him before, but you seemed to vaguely remember him, his face seemed strangely familiar, and then you recalled that you had seen a pencil sketch of him,—not a newspaper sketch, I reckon no man could recognize a man from a newspaper sketch,—but a pen and ink or pencil sketch,—did you ever see a thing like that, and you recognized the person, and you say, "Did n't I see a picture of you in such a person's house? I knew you from your picture." It is quite possible we could know ourselves in God's remotest star, and on the farthest shores of the universe: and it might be, a man or woman could so habituate himself to divine issues and concourse of holy notions, and to the drift and tides of holy possibilities, as that, somewhere, far off in the atmosphere of calm where no tempests rage, and where no spit of hail comes, and no wild winter freezes the blossoms hanging on the flower, it might be we could still feel quite at home because we had acclimated our life on earth to the eternal life in

Heaven. Let it not seem strange to anybody that without faith it is impossible to please God, for what we do know is that without faith it is impossible to please man. I am not here to say that God is a larger man, but that man is a lesser God. I am saying that God kindled the lamp of life; He poured the oil into the bowl, and put the wick in place, and trimmed it well, and set it aflame from off the altars of the skies. It is God's glory, we are like Him.

If it be true we are fashioned after Him, that we bear His likeness,—though we are so impecunious still we are fashioned after the amazing glory of the opulent God,—what sort of men and women ought we to be? We are in tatters, but we have the King's purple garments on still. We are withered, and our hands reach and grasp, but still we have something of the amazing might of God. People sometimes in their dreams, see things in dim perspective. It is only thus that men and women are fashioned after God: and God is omniscient,—and sometimes in rare and radiant moments when the sky is clear and affable to vision, we can see beyond our limits. And man in his better estate, has a touch of omnisciency himself. You need not talk about spiritualism with its maneuvres, its sitting in the dark, its mysterious voices, and all its deludedly

foolish things,—it can never compare with the phenomena of human life. We are reminiscences of God. He has made us like himself. We are not oceans, but we can hold the rain drops of the heavens yet; we are not in longevity equal to the angels, but by and by when we have had the refreshment of blood from God, we shall run on forever,—we are fashioned after God. I call everybody to witness that is why it is comely to be a woman, that is why it is honorable to be a man, because manhood and womanhood are the glass in which the face of God is reflected as the sea reflects the stars; and as on the tumbling tumult of the great waters, the stars that are reflections, laugh back to the stars in the sky; so in the tumult of human life, the soul leaps and laughs and calls back to God, "You made me, I am your son, I am your daughter; I have learned my language after you." When a man prays, he is talking back to God in His own speech; when from hitherto dumb lips, there comes the voice of prayer calling upon God, God listens to it, and knows it is his own child speaking. A man and woman know their little child because its voice is strangely like their own; and when God hears a man praying, He stops and lays down the needle He is threading to do great sewings with, puts down the sword He

is sharpening to win great battles with, lays down the spade with which He is to level mountains, lays them down, and says, "Why, I heard my child's voice; and in the babble of his prayer, and in the pathos of his petition, I know it is my child's voice: he is talking after me."

I say that anybody who lets infidelity bivouac with him, anybody that lets infidelity take him by the hand, is a poor fool. He is a bankrupt in life; he has overdrawn his account; he has gone into his own bank and used up his assets. Impossible to please God without faith, why? Because in the providence of God, we are made in God's likeness, and it is impossible to please man without faith.

What I plead for is that we be as reasonable with God as we are with man,—that we do not make religion unreasonable, but rational; if you deal with God as you deal with man, you will get on well with God, and if you know how to get along well with man, you will know how to get along with God. The same principles honorably lived up to will get you along affably with human life, and with the Eternal God with whom you are to dwell.

Without faith, you can not get along with anybody. It is well to be careful, but it is possible to

be too suspicious. People don't want to go to the door for fear somebody might come and stab them. They say, "Who knows who is at the door? Who knows what they might want? There can't anybody tell what they might be planning,"—and you go to the door and look out through the glass, and you can not see anything but the shoulders of a man, and you say, "Who 's there?" If you are a woman, that is right. Sometimes when you go to somebody's house, you find the door locked and bolted and chained; sometimes the door is opened just about this wide ( ), and the people inside say, "Who's there?" and they say, "No, not to-day, not to-day," and you can not get in. I am saying it is quite possible to be too suspicious. Some people are too little suspicious, but many are too suspicious. Some people are so eager to appear astute and keen whether they are or not, that they are keen like the winter's wind in February; they feel that they must always be alert, that they must always expect evil. Some people are so eager to be keen that they turn people to liars, they always believe the worst, and expect the dastardly and infamous. Some people are so eager to be thought keen readers of human nature, that they bar their lives with bars of steel, and shut the whole world out, and leave everybody

out in the winter's cold, and let them shiver and die alone.

What life needs, is faith in life. There are more people to be believed than you and I have believed. There are not so many liars as we thought there were. We live with ourselves too much,—why do n't you go out with more honest people? I see dishonest people, but there are a great many honest people. You can not appeal to folks without you believe in them. You can not teach your child he is an unreliable child, and then believe in him. I have seen parents spoil their children by talking to them this way; "Now, Mary, did you tell Mamma the truth, DID you?"—and that foolish woman has put into her child's head that she expects her to be a liar. It is time enough to believe your child is a liar when you know she is taking after you and doing as you do. No school teacher, no preacher, no lawyer, no newspaper man, no business man, NOBODY has any business to raise a question about people's veracity, until people give themselves a sort of unholy flavor of being evil. It is not right to suspect people: faith will do more. Doubt will wreck many a life. Without faith it is impossible to please any man. You can not go to a man and say, "Look here! I have full confidence in you that

you are an absolute liar. You can not be relied upon to do what you say. I have no more notion you would pay a bill if you had the money, than anything in the world. I think you are dishonest. I would not leave my pocket book around where you were under any consideration." If you should talk that way, how long do you think it would take you to generate in that man, self-respect and manly qualities? Somebody has got to believe in you and trust in you.

God's infinite mercy is that most of us have those who believe in us. It may be some mother who loves her boy half to death but not wholly. Some mother puts her arms about her boy and says, "Son, you are all right." Sometimes she has poor cause to believe in him, more's the pity. It seems to me if I were a boy with a mother, I would let my right hand forget its cunning, and my left hand forget its nerve and might, before I would let my mother's hope in me, my mother's belief in me, my mother's expectation for me, die. O young man, if you are here, keep your life very clean,—your mother believes in you; keep your life very beautiful,—your father believes in you. There is an old man yonder somewhere, and he is thinking about you, and thinks may be you are in God's house, but he does not quite

know, and he is thinking about you, he is thinking about his boy and wondering where he is. I pray God he is here. This is a safe place to be. Folks don't get drunken in God's house. Folks don't get lecherous in God's house, no. Folks don't get foul-intentioned in God's house, no. Folks don't carry away evil principles from God's house, no! I defy any man or woman,—did you ever get any evil in God's house? Did you ever carry away any wickedness from the house of God? Did you ever learn infamy from this good Book? Did you ever hear any song sung by lips of choir or congregation that made life harder for you, or virtue more difficult? You did not! Somebody believes in you: may that stir you up to higher manliness and womanliness. If there is a woman here who finds life hard, living on a pittance, if she sees her garments getting strangely seedy though she has turned them over and over again with woman's deft fingers, remember this, — POVERTY IS NEVER SHAMEFUL, BUT VICE IS DEVILISH.

Without faith it is impossible to please man,—that is the great truth of life. Why should it be thought strange that without faith it would be impossible to please God? The only way to make men of men is to believe in them. I remember a

man, God bless him! God BLESS him! I remember a man who, when I was a lad beginning my college course, somehow believed in me; and he said, "Look here, young fellow, you better go to college,"—and I said, "Well, where's the trick to do it with?" And he said, "Look here, young man, I would like to invest a little in you,"—and I said, "Do n't invest much,"—but he said, "Look here, young man, if you need money, you come to me and you can get it." Well, now, in point of fact, I never got much money from that man, and in point of privacy of statement, every cent I got from him I paid back, which is more than some people can say, —but it was not that this man loaned me money, but it was this gracious thing that somewhere, there was a man who believed in me. Have you somebody who said when you began business, "I will lean a little your way?" Did you read about Rockefeller who one day tried from a bank to get the incredible loan of two thousand dollars? He was as scared as I would be if I went to ask for that much. And the people did n't much more think of lending to him than they would to me. Two thousand dollars! And the shrewd business man, the bank president, looked him over and said, "Look here, Rockefeller, I like your looks, and I will loan

it to you:" and he went away with the check in his fist and his fist in his pocket, and feeling as frisky as a colt on a spring morning with fresh pastures before him and his appetite keen. Somebody believes in you. Suppose a man married a woman and he said, "Now, look here! You must n't go down to the store unless I am with you. You mean well, but you do n't know how to get along." She says, "Can't I go down and get a bunnit, can't I go down and buy a dress?" "No," he says, "you can't buy a dress. My father bought my mother's things, and I am going to buy your things." I think it is deplorable when a man goes around buying his wife's things. The order of Providence is that a woman should buy her own things and pay for them with a man's money. But suppose a man would talk that way to his wife. He says, "Now, Jennie, you mean well, but you have no judgment; you do n't know what you ought to have to pay. I think a great deal of you and of myself, and between the two, I like myself better than I like you, but I can not trust you with money. I will give you a nickle a week, but I can not trust you with more." Supposing a thing like that, how long would it take to change the girl from girl to woman? How long will it take a woman to learn to be womanly and

to be mistress of her own household if she is always treated as a child? Don't you know the very initiative in changing that girl of sixteen into a matronly woman who can command her own household and can order things as they ought to be ordered, is that that man should trust her?

What would you think of a woman who would say to her husband, "Now, Henry, you are a dear (the only dear I have now), and Henry, when you go down town, I will go down town with you." And he says, "Why?" And she says, "Why, I can not trust you. Some girl might look at you, and you might look at some girl." "Well," he said, "now, I won't," and the man spunks up. That is the way a man shows his independency of character: but that is all it amounts to. He spunks up, and then he spunks down. But I always maintain that a man ought to spunk up, because he shows he still has a little knowledge of what he ought to do. He ought to act as if he were master of his own household whether he is or not. But how long would it take that man to become the man he ought to be?

You have got to have faith in people and give them some sort of lee-way to go away from home; you have got to believe that people's word is believ-

able; you have got to believe somehow in folks, or you can never make the best and noblest folks out of them. William of Orange secured his throne because he believed in people. He walked among traitors as if they had been patriots,—believed in people, and acted as if they had noble impulses and could be relied upon, and asserted that those impulses could be invoked by being called upon; and the manhood he affirmed to be in souls, he declared could be called out, as the slumbering blossoms can be called out by the springtime and the calling of the rain drops and the shining of the sun. You can not please people without faith.

What we are needing to-day is to have faith in human kind. The general must have faith in the soldier and the soldier must have faith in the general. If the soldier have faith in his commander, he will obey any command. Life runs by faith. You can not succeed in business except you have faith. To get on with folks, to enter into their confidence, to become co-operative with their enterprises, you must have faith: and I call you to witness still, that without faith it is not strange that it is impossible to please God.

It is impossible to please God without faith, because religion is deeper than what you do. Relig-

ion is much deeper than the things you say. Your hand does this, or refrains; your lips say these words or refrain: but your words are not you, your hands' doings are not you, the echoings of your voice are not you,—life is deeper than that, life is faith. What your faith is, you are; what your faith achieves, you achieve. If faith be strong, magnetic, puissant as the angels of God, it will have a wonderful hand, it will have a quick eye, it will make the sky clean, and drive the fogs and smoke away.

You must have faith, or you can not achieve nobility and worth. We are not here to argue that religion is invisible, because religion is a motive of conduct, that is, religion is a motive of life, and life becomes conduct. I am not here to argue for you and with you that you come into Christian experience because experience will do this or that or still the other, but I am here to argue that when Christian experience comes with faith in God, all good things come natively, as the blooms come natively to the trees in springtime when the saps run through the trunks. Faith is necessary, is basilar, and must be in your constitution. It is not a question of what you do or what you do not do. One man does his work well, honestly, faithfully, continuously. Another man's work is of like sort so

far as you can discover; both are accurate, both do good work, but one works because he is trained, the other because he is true. God wants truth at the core of the world. God wants the fountain in the world's life to spout pure waters; and He says,—not, "Where do you go to church?" not, whether you are a Presbyterian or Roman Catholic or Methodist, not "Where do you belong?" or "How long have you been a church member?" None of these things is basilar. But the great quality God sets store by is, HAVE YOU FAITH? Do you lean God's way? If you fall, would you fall toward Him? If you went into battle, would you fight for Him? If you rose in the night and walked in the dark would you walk His way where you thought his voice was calling you? O Beloved, hear me! "Without faith it is impossible to please God." Faith that is in the character gives virility which by and by ultimates in conduct. Without it, you can not live a loyal life; without it, you can not do your work, or pray your prayer, or serve your day, or live with high fidelity to every supreme issue of life; without it, you can not do any best thing greatly. With it, all good things will become you. Does glory become the cloud? It is because the sun is in it. Does splendor become the sunset? It is because the

sun glows through the cloud. It is because God is in a man or woman that all great moods become natural as words when the tongue and lip and teeth combine to say the words you mean to say. I plead for faith in God, because without faith, you can not please him.

I remember to have read of an artist who worked all day on his picture; it was all his life, all his thought, all his work. And sometimes he came to find when he wakened in the morning, that somebody had been painting on his picture. He knew not who it was, and could not discover; but morning by morning, his picture grew, and some new splendor would shine out on the canvas. And then it was found out that this painter was so intent upon his work, that at night he rose from his bed and went where his colors were, and found his palette, and went to the easel, and stood there in his somnolence, and painted, and put a new light in the eyes, and new beauty on the lips, and a new grace in the poise,—in the night, he did it; and by and by, tired, with eyes that saw not, yet seeing, he would go and put his palette down and lay the brush aside, and go to bed and go to sleep again. O Beloved, that is what faith will do, for it is deeper than conduct. It sets the feet to going in the dark;

it sets the eyes to seeing when the eyes are shut. Don't you think that is a good thing, and holy, to see when your eyes are shut? Did you ever sit and fold your hands and shut your eyes, and you saw a woman standing at a door, and watching? Who was it? Your MOTHER looking for you. You shut your eyes,—you woman with your many cares, and your little children for whom garments must be made; you woman with your large family for whom a small income must be made to do; you woman with your fingers bloody with needle pricks,—you shut your eyes, and you see your mother who used to love you and cradle you and kiss you and fondle you; and you tore yourself away from her arms one day, and you looked back, and saw her leaning out toward you with her dear, sweet face,—you would better get ready to see her in Heaven, I reckon. You remember about her, and though your eyes are shut, you see.

Do you know, when you have faith, it is possible to please God when your eyes are closed, because when you seem not to be thinking, you are thoughtful. It is possible to please God when you have faith, because the AUTOMATIC MOVEMENTS of your life swing out God's way. A man starts out

a path and goes swinging along right boldly, looking neither to right nor left, and thinking deeply, and you run against him and say, "Where are you going?" And he looks up and says, "Well, for the life of me, I can't tell," but he is going the path he meant to go.

Life is a partnership when at its best, and partners can not get along unless they have mutual confidence. In other words, faith in oneself and in other people, is absolutely essential to getting on in the world. When Grant massed his armies and swung them abreast and gave the command "Forward!" the Union was saved, and the battle initiative done. When a certain great duke in England framed a plan whereby the Cabinet should always be of one party instead of two then all the officious quarreling ended, and the government began to move as if all its wheels were oiled. It is absolutely essential that people who are to be partners, have unified action when at work. Have faith,—if you have faith in God, you and God will get on well together; you will know His plan, and He will approve yours. If you have faith in God, there will be no loss in friction, no waste of energy. If you have faith, you will find your energies will bring results according to your exertion; you will find the

remunerative return. Have faith, because "Without faith, it is impossible to please God."

I wonder, who would not like to please God. Is there anybody who would not care to please the King of the earth? Kings can, if you kneel at their throne, make knights of you. They can make you warriors for their cause. God can do better than that. He can give you a clean heart. He can forgive your sins. Who would not want to please God?

I know a little lassie who sews, and she is no great sewer, though I am no judge of that, but she comes in and brings her papa pen-wipers,—funny little things, they are kind of jokes. Little bits of ones, sometimes red, sometimes blue, sometimes three or four folds, sometimes only one,—curious little things. Pen wipers,—why, her father has wipers enough to wipe all the pens in Christendom. He could lend pen-wipers to everybody in this city and have plenty left. Did he ever have too many? No. Did he ever say, "I want no more?" Did he ever say, "Why, you little body, why don't you do something better?" Did he ever say that? NO. Did he ever say, "If I could not do any better than that, I would not do at all?" No.

Did he ever say, "Stay your hand, and don't make any more?" No! In the dresser, there are pen wipers, and on the table there are penwipers, and under the blotters there are pen wipers, all around are pen-wipers, but never one too many. The father is pleased with them, not because he needs them, no; not because he asked for them, no: but because SHE made them. That is enough.

Don't you think it possible to please God by bringing him something? You can not bring God things He don't want, if you have faith. All you do, He will take. He will never laugh at you. You know, sometimes people laugh at you and make sport at you. You have sometimes seen the waiters in a hotel wink at each other when you ordered pie for breakfast. If you wanted pie for breakfast, why couldn't you have it? I have sometimes gone into a sleeper and have seen people sitting there who had been there before me, and they looked at each other as if to say, "Huh! Another Indianian heard from." I don't say I much liked to be laughed at, but I never let on, never turned up my nose, never got huffy, just walked as if I had bought the car and let them sit in it. But we don't enjoy it. But, Beloved, God never laughs at us, never makes sport of us. He never makes

quips at what we do. If you have faith in Him,—everything you do, He likes it.

The boys down at Rugby used to try to please Dr. Arnold. The boys at Baliol College used to try to please Dr. Jowett. The boys over at Williams college used to try to please that greatest of American college presidents, Mark Hopkins. The soldiers who marched in Mark Antony's legions used to try to please Mark Antony. Don't you think it might be worth while to try to please God? He is the best school master,—better than Thomas Arnold, better than Jowett of Baliol, better than Hopkins of Williams; better than any general who ever marshalled forces. Better than Mark Antony, better than Napoleon the electrical, better than Grant the imperturbable and mighty; better than Sherman or Marlborough.

God Almighty is captaining the world's army; He is leading the world's forces; He is looking after you; you are in His ranks. Don't you think it might be worth while to try to please him? Hear me! "Without faith, it is impossible to please God," —but Beloved, WITH faith, you can. We have something He wants. We have something He needs. He is looking our way wistfully. I think a wistful look in the eyes, is the sweetest, saddest

thing that ever brought tears to the cheek. Hear me now! God looks at these women here to-night, wistfully; He wants their best service. Some women have no spirituality. They care for the latest thing that froths in society. They care more for an invitation to a party than they care for a front room in Heaven. Oh, God is looking wistfully at you. Oh, look His way, answer Him. Say, "I will do thy will, I will love thy pleasure, I will walk thy way, I will do whatsoever thou wilt have me do, I will please thee."

God is looking wistfully your way, young man, with your strength on you, and He wants your strength; He wants your to-morrows, He wants your accumulation of energies, your growing genius, your unknown potencies; He is looking wistfully at you.

Man of maturer years, God is looking wistfully at you. You are dulling your finer senses, you are ruining your own life, you are flinging a baleful shadow about you in whose darkness you yourself must walk to your tomb.

God is looking wistfully at you, old man who have wasted your years. You are like a withered leaf; you have no virtue, no holy purpose in your life; you swear when you ought to pray; you are angry when you ought to be humble. Hear me,

God is looking your way, wistfully. Without faith, you can not please Him, but with faith, you can.

May God bless you and make you eager to please Him; may you fall in faith with Him; may you hear His step, and keep step with Him; may you take his hand and walk by His side as a little child walks by his father's side. He will help you over the rough places; He will carry you over the deep ravines. Sometimes, He will carry you on His shoulder; sometimes, He will put you under His arm; sometimes He will lay you on His breast when you are sleepy,—but He will keep you, and present you "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing before His presence with exceeding joy." Amen.

IV.

GOD ENDURING BAD MANNERS.

PRAYER.

WE bless God for our heavenly prospect, and we bless God also for our earthly enjoyment. We bless God that we Christians are happy folks: we do n't go through the world sad and disconsolate, but we go through the world glad because we have a chance to live, and glad because we have a chance to work, and glad because we have a chance to work for somebody: and then, after all, the great Somebody for whom we do our utmost labor is the great God.

If our path be thorny, we do not mind; if it be slippery, we do not so much care; if our toil be hard upon us, if all the long day we toil and sweat and rest not, yet all the day through, in the midst of our labor, we have the consolation of the good Christ, "For one is our Master, even Christ."

We thank God that Jesus Christ was a day laborer like we are. He was a carpenter, and they called Him "The Carpenter's son;" He wore a working man's clothes, and He had a working man's hands and they were calloused in the palm; and when He took our hands betimes, we knew those hands of His were fitted to labor as His voice was fitted to music. We thank God for this confederation of Christ with our life and with our service. We know that He was often tired, and that His hands were often grimy with the toil of the day, but we thank

God that all the while He sang a song of triumph, and He lived a life of delight.

O God, make us, we pray Thee, mannerly men and women in the knowledge of Christ. May we have a good time as we go through our earth because we have God's times and because "our times are in His hands." May every day prove to us a source of consolation and large comfort, and growing life and joy to our own hearts because it is a source of growing life and joy to other people's hearts, and may people say, "How gladly these Christians live."

O Lord, bless all this company. A good many people are here,—we know their faces, but we have never known their names or met them face to face, or taken their hand and said, "What is your name, and where do you live, and how is that you come so often?" We have never said that; but Thou knowest we have grown to be familiar with them, and when we see their faces we are glad to look into their eyes. There are so many people we meet, and meet no more, and then from them we part. God grant afterwhile in God's meeting house in Heaven, we shall all of us meet and know each other's names, and take each other's arms and walk down the streets of gladness to the sound of tireless music.

O God, get us ready for life here, and then Thou wilt have had all the trouble through of getting us ready for the life eternal. Equip us for best manhood and womanhood. May our life be so full of service, that our hands will have become so accustomed to labor that in Heaven we will ask God for something to do.

Hear our prayer. Help us to all enjoyment of life and service: and after awhile, bring us to the Country to which we care to go, and let us meet the persons we care to meet, and stay in Thy presence forever, we pray Thee for Christ's sake, Amen.

"And about the time of forty years, suffered He their manners in the wilderness."—Acts xiii, 18.

I THINK nothing is more irritating to the nerves than bad manners and nothing is less justifiable. In the long run, good manners are as easy as bad manners, for while it may be a good deal harder to be mannerly than ill mannerly, when you get through with good manners, you are done with them; and when you get through with ill manners, you are just beginning with them. It may be a tax on your spiritual energies to always be suave and bland and gentle and delightful, but when you are that way, you never have the irritation of having to apologize. Apologies come to the ill mannered; and apologies, you know from your experience with them, are hard work. You go to a man you have n't treated very pleasantly,—you met him one day on the train, and did n't know who he was,—and by and by you find out he is a relative of your wife; and what do you do? Well, you begin to apologize to him,—you say, "I am very sorry that I did n't know you the other day; I was immersed in business, and thinking about something else; you will have to excuse me; I was a little brusk,"—Good-

ness! Now if you had behaved well, it would have been all right, whether he was related to your wife or not. Good manners pay. They pay in solid comfort for your own life if you know you have behaved the best you could.

It is a wise thing to be mannerly; it is a sweet thing to be mannerly; it is what society has a right to expect of us; it is what we have a right to expect from ourselves; it is a palatable method of behaving one's self in society. You can not find anybody who wants to strive for the prize of being ill mannered. Lots of them would get it, but you don't find people striving for that sort of prize, do you? Nobody would care to have the repute of being the chiefest boor in the city,—nobody would.

The Scripture I have read in your hearing, said that for forty years, God suffered people's manners. He had to do with an ill mannered crew. It is possible for people and persons to have bad breeding and show it. It is possible for people and persons to have good breeding and show it. The Book of God is the book of the best breeding ever anybody read. The Book of God is the book of the sweetest, most wholesome etiquette anybody ever tried to practice and put in his life, so he could get it out of his life.

Now etiquette is a sort of mild aroma to good

manners. I say "mild," because frequently, it is purely superficial: it spreads over the surface of things like the air spreads over the surface of the earth. Good manners are as deep as the heart; and the heart is the very center of the human spirit: and etiquette may be as deep as the skin, and be no deeper, and reach no further. I speak no word against eitquette, because we ought to be able to trace the fine lines in society, just as our eyes ought to be able to discriminate the fine lines in an etching. It is a poor, ill-trained eye which can not see the delicate, rythmical movement of lines that some exquisite artist hath cut upon the plate he framed to excellency and beauty and delight; and so it is a poor artistic eye for courtesies and amenities that hath not trained itself to enjoy as well as to participate in the amenities of social usages: but what I am saying is, that mere etiquette, or what I will call the mere form of manners, does not reach the core of life because it does not reach the core of the soul. I have known people who were excellent judges of how one ought to behave; they knew every rule ever given; they practiced all of them: you felt they were a sort of walking book on etiquette; eating at the table, you felt as though they were figuring whether the latest was to eat aspara-

gus with the fingers or fork; you did n't know whether to spill the bouillon in the dish and drink from the dish, or drink it with a spoon, or pass it on, or what under the sun you ought to do with it. One time I saw an ill-mannered lady put sugar in her bouillon. I admired her independency of judgment. She had as much right to put sugar in her bouillon as you have to put salt in yours. What I mean to say is that rules of conduct are concerning things that might just as well be the reverse. Good manners are things which can not be reversed and decency be maintained,—that is the difference between manners and etiquette. Etiquette may pertain to things totally non-essential; manners always pertain to things totally essential. You might violate a dozen proprieties of the rules of etiquette, and still be a lady or a gentleman; you can violate no solitary propriety of good manners and hope to be considered a lady or gentleman. I have known people so adept in their etiquette, such exquisite professionals in what I will call, rightly behaving, that they would have been shocked almost to death to have gone out to dinner without a dress suit on; but they would get drunk as a fool and look the thing they were, in public or in private. I will tell you, men and women, it is a good thing to sanctify

etiquette in your life, but it is a better thing to sanctify good manners. We have outgrown the usages of past centuries; as civilization and religion have marched on, we have outgrown our Chesterfield usages. We must be brutes in society no more; we must not play the animal in social usages any more: we ought to remember that he is master of etiquette who masters it in his heart and hath the evidence of manliness or womanliness in his life, and not simply the person who will observe all the forms of society and conduct, and break all the nobilities at a blow and crowd over them like a barbarian will walk over diamonds in the dust. I, myself, take no stock in that sort of "four-hundredism" or that sort of social usage where a man must behave beautifully, but where he observes no dignified amenities, and where no sweet, high, lordly courtesy ever blooms with fragrance in his soul. I say the sooner we learn courtesy of heart and brain rather than etiquette which is only skin deep, the better it will be. A man can go over town and drink his fill, and put his entire family to shame, and yet that man may be a "social magnate." The fewer such social magnates society has, the better it is for society. The sooner grown men and women are decent, the sooner men and women know be-

havior is a thing that flows like living waters flow out of the well, so these streams flow out of the deep wells of the heart, the better it will be for society.

Bad manners are abominable; bad etiquette might, or might not be. There are a great many bad mannered people,—not you or myself, but there are some, and I think we ought to know, and we do know that any man or woman who deals largely with the world, will say there is a good deal of bad manners. There is a good deal of bad manners, but I will say there are more good manners. I have lived awhile, and will confess that the sweet courtesies of life have blest me ten thousand times. I have seen the utmost delicacy in attitude and behavior in people whose hands were so crude and so stiffened with toil through years and years as that they could not bend themselves in the old, prehensile fashion of childish hands,—but I have seen those poor hands, old, and stiff, and big-knuckled, do such dainty deeds. I have seen them close the tired eyes death had kissed. I have seen them hold little children's hands hot with fever. I have seen those ill shapen fingers hold a baby's hands, so that it seemed as if an angel of God had come down for the dying child. I call that good manners. O, there is plenty of courtesy in the world. I do n't mean to say there

is enough. There is n't enough till every man becomes a gentleman; there is n't enough courtesy in the world till every woman becomes a lady; there is n't enough courtesy in the world till every man remembers that every other man has rights he is bound to respect; there is not enough courtesy in the world till every woman remembers that every other woman has a reputation as sacred as her own; there is n't enough good manners in the world so long as one business competitor will use dishonorable methods, or one preacher will speak slightingly of another; there is n't enough courtesy in the world so long as one woman will deal in innuendo about another woman: but there is a bounty of good manners in the world: the world is full of manners. It is a beautiful thing for society or for individuals to have good manners. We ought to enjoy people's manners, they ought to be our delight; they ought to come to us like the fragrance off the meadow land so that our hearts may be made glad.

I was going from Montezuma to Rockville the other day, and it was getting toward dusk, and we were going along a country road a good way, and came to a beautiful place, and the hawthorn was in blossom and seemed like snow banks slipping their snows down the hillside. All at once there came the

flute music of the voice of the whip-poor-will. I do n't know what you think of the whip-poor-will. You may think it is unmannerly? Its song is so solitary, you say it makes you sad? But do n't you be troubled about being sad. Some people need sadness of heart more than laughter. Sadness lays the dust of your soul like the rain does the dust of the road. Sadness is good betimes. I heard that solitary flute note,—I do n't know whether he knew I was there, I do n't know whether he knew I was a poor city man, I do n't know whether he knew that all the bird call I heard was the night hawk that shrieks and strikes the sword of his voice through the air, or the bickering of the sparrows as they sauce each other morning, noon, and night,—but anyhow, he came along the hillside, and dodged behind the snow drifts of the hawthorns and began to flute his music to the stars and me. O, it was beautiful! I remember it now. It will cheer me tomorrow; and sometimes when I am tired, I will hear all that staccato, liquid, clear. Good manners are like that, so sweet, so musical, so merciful as that they make you glad, and they do n't know it. That is how people ought to behave. I really suppose though, that the whip-poor-will knew the time of my coming, that he knew my fine apprehension of

music, that I once studied for a music master, and he set his music box agoing for my delectation; but may be he did n't know I was around,—may be he did n't; and do you know, I think that is the sweetest of all good manners, to talk sweetly when folks do n't know you are around. To-morrow morning, you will be at breakfast, just you two alone, and you have your weekly round-up. You make your remarks, you tell your husband what you think, and if he gets an opportunity, which probably he will not, he will tell you what he thinks. You will make divers remarks and observations, and he will try to edge in a word here and there,—listen to me! if you found out after you had gotten through, or in the midst of the delightful colloquy, there were others around, how would you feel?

If conversation went on with the highest type of good manners, anybody would be welcome to hear what was said; but if some of your conversation were put in the papers, you would probably try to keep it out. "Did you hear about Mrs. ——?" "No, I did n't hear." "Why did n't you hear it? Of course I have n't spoken about it to any one, and if I tell you of course it would be private." "O, certainly, I would n't tell any one." "Well, if you will be certain not to tell,"—"Of course not,"—

"Well, I heard that she,—but you must not say anything about it." "O I would n't say a word about it,"—I do n't care who you are, or where you came from, I do n't care if you sprang from the lineage of a hundred kings, you are ill mannered,—that is what you are, grossly ill mannered! Do you know, I think modern society is in great danger of becoming grossly ill mannered. We make too much of other people's business. We talk about other people's affairs too much. As soon as a man's intentions begin to show, we say, "I 'll be blessed if I knew they were engaged. How tickled he is about it." "Well," we say, "she 's engaged! Goodness knows it 's time. She 's been waiting a long while." "Say, did you know Jerusha Pepper 's engaged at last?" "Well, she 's tried hard enough!" What do you call that? I call it abominably bad manners. (There is n't any woman that could n't have had half a dozen men if she had taken those that offered themselves. Some women have too much sense to take everything. Women are not old maids because they could not help it, but because they had too good sense to take any tatterdemalion who came their way.) So long as society indulges in that kind of conversation, so long is society grossly ill mannered. I do n't care if you say it is

mere talk,—your manners are abominable. If you would talk about other people's affairs as you would like other people to talk about yours, would you adopt that style of conversation? Do you want your affairs to be on everybody's lips, your comings and goings to be in everybody's mouth, all your affairs to be the common topic thrown here and there as you fling crumbs to the sparrows? It is this, I beg you to believe that is a menace to good manners: and a society in which almost everybody knows everybody else is very likely to grow garrulous about other people's business. Bad manners! There is a type of bad manners when you do n't remember that other people have feelings; when you do n't remember that other people have hearts; when you do n't remember other people have shadows under the porches of their lives; when you do n't remember that other people have their sufferings though they do n't show it; when you do n't remember that other people are trying to keep, as we say, "a stiff upper lip" in the midst of the world's affairs. O, men and women, remember, if you are mannerly, you will put the BEST construction on things instead of the worst; you will speak kindly of people rather than harshly; if you are mannerly, you will bring a grace on your lips and hands and in your heart to bear upon

other people's affairs. Remember, manner is so deep, so pungently sweet, as that God lays a good deal of store by it.

Well, here was a people God found ill mannerly; and I reckon God finds a good deal of bad manners as he goes around, a good deal of ill manners. Here was a people God had cradled, and for forty years, He "suffered their manners." Do you know, I think "suffer" is so apt a word, so total in its appropriateness, so terrible in its aptness to this situation, to "suffer" their manners. Do you know anything more delightful than a sweet, mannerly child, or less delightful than an ill mannerly child? Do you know that a little child ought to be the joy of the house and of houses nigh by? If a child is sweet, you can hardly keep it at home because the neighbors want to borrow it. They take it over next door and say, "Did you ever see such a sweet baby?" And they borrow it and take it across the street, and say, "Did you ever see such a lovely child? We wish it was ours,"—and a mannerly child is a delight; but an ill mannerly child is worse than chickens in your neighbor's yard. An ill mannerly child will make trouble every sort of where. He will mutilate everything he sees; he will "sass" everybody he meets, and he will use you ill; he will

say to his mother, "Now, you shut up." And she 'll say, "Why, Charlie, you must n't speak to Mamma that way,"—some women talk when they ought to work! If you find you have a child with no sort of manners, you would better quit talking to him. Talking does n't seem to be appropriate to the occasion. The use of the thing Solomon spoke of, I forget what it was, seems more appropriate. Some people have children that need a basting more than a blessing. They need a good deal more whipping than kissing. I am not arguing for spanking children, but I say lots of them need it. It is better to give wholesome correction to your child and have the child be mannerly than it is to give no correction and have him a menace to the whole community. Is n't that right? Mannerly children are so delightful. Children are so winsome you can hardly keep them out of your life. Have you seen one of those stony men, cold as winter and sedate as the tomb, and without any sort of words? and he sits and holds his hands, and does n't care for anything. But let a little child come around with his sweet, winsome ways; he does n't know the man is frigid, he does n't know anything about conservatism; he will ask a thousand little questions, and pretty soon, —did you ever see a man like that thaw out? The

little fellow will lean up to him and say, "What's your name, Mister?" and the man does n't say anything, and the little fellow will say, "What 's your name, Mister?" and the man says, "Oh, go along to your mother!" And the little fellow would not know he said go off, but he 'd ask, "What 's your name, Mister?" It 's a pretty mean man that under the wiles of such a sweet little fellow, would n't after a while, thaw out. A little child with sweet winsomeness has a marvelous way of getting into people's hearts; but an ill mannerly child,—nobody can regard him; his parents love him but can not admire him.

But O, Beloved, when manhood is ill-mannerly, when a race has cultivated ill manners! Do n't you know you can not give manners to people? You can not graft manners on to people as nurserymen graft buds into trunks of trees. Do n't you know manners are saplings and have to be grown from the seed? Do n't you know that parents having manners, have children without manners? Sometimes I have heard people say, just as glibly as anything in the world, "If the parents use good English, the children will." I hope it is not so, I know it is not so. You can not furnish grammar for your children, it is as much as you can do

for yourself. Children whose parents speak grammatically don't speak grammatically, necessarily, they are more apt to; but do not think children speak ungrammatically because their parents do. I would regret to believe that every mean trick the child has, he had from his parents. That's nonsense. He associates with others as well as his parents; he carries on business for himself. God can not make people mannerly. Do you know, I think this is a great and fearsome word I have spoken. If God had His way,—God is courteous, God is affable in name and nature, God is genial in temper as the springtime wind; He is gracious as the coming of any grace you know, and the presence of any visitor you can guess; God is mannerly, but He can not give people behavior; He can not furnish courtesy; He can not, from over His counter, give out any sort of glory. Just as God can not make flowers bloom without planting seeds, so God can not make courtesies and amenities bloom except people let Him plant the seeds and tend them and grow them.

Did you ever notice the beauty of the morning glory? Did you ever think that if you would have them grow next year, you must let the seeds fall here, or let the wind tousle the old dead stalk and

shake from its pockets the seed of the morning glory, and let them lie in the ground, and then when spring comes, and spring has branched toward June, and June has gone into July, there will be such bewildering blues and pinks and whites and marvelous colorings as will make the sun glad he rose to see them. Well, after that fashion, you are to let the seeds of courtesy fall in the soil of your heart and grow from the seed upward. If God could give the world manners, it would be mannerly, and there would be a thousand times as much beauty and grace as there is.

Here was a people called Israel. God had done all sorts of things for them, all he needed to do, and so much more. He had given them liberty. Liberty is the greatest gift the human soul possesses except God; and God, indeed, is another name for liberty. He had fetched them out of bondage; He had broken the chariot wheels of the pursuing Pharaoh; He had smitten the hosts of Pharaoh in the face and broken their spirits; He had hammered their chariots down deep into the waves; and the swirling waters of the mighty sea went over them; and only here and there you could see the lift of a drowning crest, and could hear the neigh of a drowning steed and the cry of a drowning captain;

and when the morning broke gray, and then to pearly white and then to clear white, from the East, only the wind dashed upon the shore and hammered the waves;—and God had led Israel to freedom. He led them to where the skies were open, and Sinai towered; He led them to where they could see the mountains' crests; He led them out of the alluvial land of the Nile and out of the yellow desert that stretched to the horizon, to a new land where they could see mountains fling their spacious altitudes to the sun; He brought them out of bondage into freedom; He gave them the choicest gift His hand has yet produced; He gave them what our ancestors fought from '76 to '83 to possess themselves of; He gave them what the black race had to have; and it took the slaughter of hundreds and thousands of men to buy its purchase with blood. These men had liberty: and they never so much as turned their faces toward God and said, "I thank you for your love and courtesy."

God gave them a leader. I do think, if the soul ought to thank God forever for anything, it is for leadership,—for some one to come and say, "Come with me, and I will show you the way to greatness." Moses came without any large gift of language, with no large self-esteem, but with beautiful hu-

mility and a clean spirit and trust in God; he came with large self-renunciation, and with the grace of self-sacrifice like a woman's devotion, and he led them out of slavery into manhood. God gave them leadership; and these people who had received a leader, the bequest of one such being enough to make a whole race and the whole earth rich, when they had all this, they scarcely lifted the turban from the face and said, "I thank you for your courtesy." He brought them out into a land,—he gave them as it were, a continent,—He brought them not into conquest so much as into a land of plenty; He builded cities for them; He stormed the battlements along the way they took; He opened every gate; He put the key in their hand; He brought them out to where the grapes grew in huge clusters in the valley of Eschol; He brought them into a land where the streams trickled and the rivulets sang, and they could hear the plash of fountains; He brought them to where there were mountains that talked about God, and to where at Jerusalem, the Temple stood ffonting the eternal mystery of the dawn: and these people scarcely said, even then, "I thank you for your courtesy of leadership." All this, He did.

More,—He made them to have a great mission.

O, man, what is like that, O, woman, what is like that? If you have no business in the world, you will be worthless; if you have a business, you will be worth-full. But though the temple of service in your life be stately and beautiful, if the Master has no door of entrance, if He has no hand in the service, your life will rot. And to this Israel, God gave a business. He said, "I will bless the world through you; I will bring light to the Gentiles, I will proclaim my truth to the uttermost parts of the earth through you." And they never said, "For Thy largeness of mercies, and for Thy tender kindness, we bless Thee." No, no. But when He gave them everything, they gave Him, NOTHING,—but ill manners. You say, "It is incredible?" I know it. You say, "It is past rational belief?" I know it. You say, "It is shameless beyond all words to express?" I know it; but it is the truth.

And what I say here is that you and I are no better than Israel in the way we do. We do what they did. We are guilty of ingratitude and thoughtlessness; we are guilty of adoration of low things; we are guilty of lack of high ideals,—all that: and Israel was ungrateful. What a shameful vice that is,— ungrateful to God! He had remembered them; He had never forgotten them; He had given

them a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of flame by dark; He had given them manna when they were hungry; He had given them gushing waters from the solid rock when they were thirsty nigh unto death; and their flocks and herds and little children and wives and mothers had drunk and had a plenty: He had given them so much, and they gave Him neither worship nor praise.

He gave them a Tabernacle, a place to worship God and a place of inspiration to holy purposes, and they were ungrateful. What is the difference between you and me, and them? Are n't we ungrateful? Do we remember God? He has given us all He gave Israel. He has given Sinai and Calvary; He has given the Tabernacle which He gave them; He has given the temple which they did not know; He has given us the church which they did not guess at; and we do n't love Him and serve Him. What is that? It is bad manners.

These people were ill mannerly in that they had no high ideals,—and I tell you, without high ideals, life must fail, life must die. They had no big ideals. O, if we could get big ideas of what we could do; if we could get big ideas of what God means in His book; if we could get big ideas of enlightening uninformed souls about God; if we

could get big ideas of what our hands are for; big ideas of what our lives are meant for; if we could get big ideas of what our brains are meant for. O, if we could get the big idea that our minds were made to counsel with God; that our hands were meant to do deeds for the glory of God; that our feet were meant to walk in the ways of virtue and sobriety, upward to God. All that.

"God suffered their manners." Oh, do you know, men and women, when I read that story, it makes my heart ache? If He only could have ENJOYED them,—if He only could have looked upon them with gladness and said, "These manners please me:" if He could have looked upon them as a man looks at a little child playing in his door yard,—it is the little girl's birthday, and they are having a party, and the feast is spread, and they are picnicing, and the little girl looks up and sees him and calls, "We 're having such a good time, Papa, come down here, we will let you stay." And he stands at the window and looks at the little lassie with her laughing eyes and tousled curls and calls his wife and says, "Did you ever see a happier, sweeter sight than that?" and she says, "Did you ever see a baby as nice as ours?" and he says "No. Did you ever see a face like that?" There is some-

thing a man and his wife can agree on. So they are looking at the children and they say, "Is n't that beautiful?" and you enjoy it. Why, that is what life is meant for,—that is what children are for, that the parents may enjoy them,—and when God looks on our life, He honestly wants to enjoy it, and can not; all He can do is to suffer it. O, man think on this. God is disappointed in your life. Oh, woman, God is sorry for the way you behave. You are gross in habits when you ought to be cultivated; you are careless when you ought to be careful. And it says, "God suffered their manners,"—God is suffering our manners. When we remember how we could make God enjoy our life to-night, it is our shame; and it will be our lasting shame in life and in death and in eternity. "God suffered their manners."

Now, our manners are something after this sort with God. We do n't love Him. That is the worst possible bad manners toward God. The worst manners children could have toward parents would be not to love them. Why, if your lad did n't love you,—if you said, "Charlie, do you love Father?" and he would say, "Why, no, I do n't love my father, why should I?" "Why," the neighbors would say, "did you ever hear of such a child,—he

does n't love his father, he does n't love his mother." And you and I are God's children, and He has done greatly for us,—He has loved us with an everlasting love; He has given us opportunities; He has given us books for reading; He has given us friends, and culture and travel; He has given us grace over against grace; He has piled mercies high as Heaven, so if we clambered up their long summits, they would land us by the stars,—and we do n't love Him. That is the worst of bad manners.

We do n't obey Him. He says, "Follow my leadership;" and we do n't do it: He says, "Read my Book; and we do n't do it: He says, "Son, daughter, make your prayer and be alone with me;" and we make no prayer, and there is no being alone with God: He says, "Turn your eyes my way, and I will wipe your dripping tears away, and make your heaven light;" and we do n't do it: He says, "Have faith in God;" and we DO N'T DO IT. We are ill mannerly to God.

The man Moses, whose name I have spoken in your hearing, God ENJOYED him. He was favored with a multitude of years. He was a man of eighty when he came to God's larger business. His eyes were keen, his form unstooped, his hair was gray, his expectations great, his horizons wide;

his hands had been filled with labor, and he was equipped for toil; and he wanted to do God's business. And he sidled up to God,—how sweet a life that is, to be neighborly with God,—he went and hid in the crevice of a rock so he could be in it and see God when He went by and see the flow and glow of His wondrous garments. He talked with Him on the mountain, and his face shone, but he did n't know it, and the people thought the sun had risen through the mists and that they beheld the morning,—and this man, God LOVED. He spoke to him many times; He gave him the ten commandments upon the tables of stone; (once God wrote them, and once, Moses); He looked upon His servant, and approved him; He said, "You are doing well; you have a hard task, but you are doing it nobly:" He said, "These people are rebellious, but you are patient; they have no discretion, but you supply wisdom. You are true to me as the apple of mine eye." O, what if all Israel had been in that fashion!

And by and by, Moses, tired,—not weary altogether, but tired, for all,—he could have gone farther, and would have gone farther, for eagerness was in his step, and the flash of the morning was still in his eyes; he was overburdened not overborne

by his immense labor, but he said, "I will work one day more:" and God said, "You can not go across. Come up where I am, and I will let you look across." And He took him up the mountain, and he looked over from Pisgah's summit, and saw clean across the Jordan's stream to where the land of promise studded the blue sky with its mountains: he looked at it with laughter and tears mixed in face and voice, and he said, "Could n't you let me go over?" and God said, "No, you can not go over." And God invited him a little higher up the mountain, and met him face to face, and said, "You can not go over to Canaan, but I will let you go over into a land of Canaan which is very far off, beyond the Jordan and through its flow, and to the land where glories waste not, and the darkness comes not forever." God approved the manners of Moses, and "suffered" the manners of Israel.

Beloved, it is a great thing, if only we thought it, to have God so He approves us and looks at us with laughter, and so He says, "You did well, to-day." Beloved, it is Sunday night. To-morrow, you will work. I plead with you to-night, as I plead with my own heart, let us make it a good week. Let us not let God SUFFER our manners, but ENJOY them. Let us not trouble God, but help

Him. Let us not thwart Him, but bring help to His assistance: so when another Sunday night comes, God can look at us and say, "It was a good week, full of courtesy, full of thoughtfulness, full of minding the needs of others, full of caring with sweet considerateness for others' invalidism; full of prayers, full of trust, full of love, full of hope, full of religion, full of grace, full of glory, FULL OF GOD." And people who live that way, I beg you to believe me, if they have tears to fall, it will not be forever; if they have heart-aches, God will stanch the flow of their wounds betimes, and give them a little time for gracious sleep; if they have discouragements, God will not let distresses slay them; if they have business calamities, they will find out that there are larger seas ships may sail than the seas of business prosperity: and God will at length, in His providence and grace, bring them to their desired haven. Let us pray.

PRAYER.

O, Lord God, if Thou wouldst teach us! We are slow learning, like dull children in the very lowest room at school. We are big boys and girls and ought to be in the upper form, and yet, we have been so derelict in study, so thoughtless in our enterprise for knowledge, so slow in our comprehension of little things, that we are grown big, and still we are in the little children's room. Oh, God

forgive us, we have n't paid attention, we did n't care to know.

May we tonight learn God's good lesson of holy conduct and consecrated behavior: and may we know that nobody can behave so well, and have such dignified beauty of manner as somebody whose life is hid with Christ in God. People who love Christ supremely, will love each other supremely; so that their thinkings and doings will be beautiful, like salve and ointment for the diseased: may our manners be such.

Encourage us in our enterprise in trying for good behavior. Bear with our little infirmities. Grant the sweetening grace of Thy forbearance to rest upon the manners of this congregation bowed in Thy presence, and we will try to behave a little better. Fortify us with Thy love, stimulate us by Thy presence and smile, so that we will rejoice in Thee while we live, and triumph in Thee when we die, we ask for Christ's sake, Amen.

V.

RESOLUTION.

PRAYER.

O, LORD GOD if Thou wast so far off we could not love Thee, it would be very sad for all of us: but Thou art near by, and we bless Thee for it. Be a little nigher to us, O, Lord, than we have ever let Thee be before,—because Thy nighness depends upon our inclinations. Come close. We reach forth with hands and catch Thee by the garments. Stay close to us. In life or death, in famine or plenty, in comeliness or loss of beauty, stay with us.
"Hold Thou Thy Cross before our dying eyes,"
"Shine through the gloom and point us to the skies:"
"Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,"
"In life, in death, O, Lord, abide with me."

AMEN.

"I am resolved what to do."—Luke xvi, 4.

As you may suppose, since you are smart people, I am going to preach on "New Years' Resolutions;" and I don't want you to laugh at me.

We make jests of many things which are profoundly serious; and I suppose the majority of us have gotten into a chronic state of making jests con-

cerning New Year's resolves; whereas, the plain truth of the business is that if we are ever going to mend our ways, we must come to the resolution point sometime, somewhere. I have n't the remotest doubt that a great many more New Year's resolutions are kept than any other resolutions of any other time of the year. People make resolutions on New Year's by the wholesale, and talk about them; others are apprised of the things they said they were going to do and did not do, and said they lied about them; whereas, the rest of the year, they made resolutions, but did not talk about them, and others did not know they lied about them: it was not that they lie particularly more at New Year's time, or broke New Year's resolutions more particularly, but that people knew about it.

I confess for my part, to be profoundly moved by a great resolve. There is in my study, the bronze face of a man who has come to the point of destiny making resolution: his helmet is drawn down below his ears, it fits close, and sets in upon his fore-head; his brow is knit, his eyes look afar and see nothing; his lips are knitted together like the clasps upon the manacle of a prisoner; his chin seems as if it meant that this man would drive through tempests of seas and over ragged edges of mountains, and

through storms of winter, and the wild hot breath of summer, to compass the thing of his desire. Underneath is written this legend: "The die is cast." I make no doubt the face is Cæsar's face. I assume that the legend comes from the time when Cæsar, depending upon his own strength to compass his desires, crossed the Rubicon and said, "The die is cast." I look on that face day after day; it has a strange fascination for me; I feel as I look at it, as I do when I look at the clouds floating across the blue skies in the blue times of summer, or at the stars in the vasty night sky, as if I were looking at something I could not compass, some nameless thing I could not comprehend,—it is that this man has come to the point of resolution; whether for good or for ill, for the making or unmaking of a world, is neither here nor there,—resolution is a sublime spectacle: when life rises up to meet the tempest; when all one's strength springs up to break down spite and irony, it is a spectacle equipped to catch the eyes of the angels of God. There is n't anybody who dares to be inattentive when Martin Luther, beset by a dignified synod, environed by hedges of angry political opponents,—there is n't anybody who can be lacking in sensitiveness to Martin Luther's high resolve, when he looks all this in the face, and

sees the hierarchy against him, and knows how his life is in jeopardy, and faces dangers that shut down on him like the night. There is something past belief in the splendor of the man, and he looks beyond and sees the smiling face of the great God, and says, "Here I stand: God help me. I can do no other." I read that passage sometimes to get my flaccid energies revived once more,—to get the debased currency of my life once more cast into the furnace and get the alloy all burnt out.

I have often read that passage, and re-read it, and read once again, that passage in the life of William the Silent,—when for years he had been hiding a secret in his heart, when he had known for a multitude of years what Phillip II intended against his country and the Protestant regions round about, when this man, breaking the chains which bound him, and running out of the palace gates, and putting himself into antagonism to the chiefest king of the world, the king who had the greatest fleets tossed upon the seas laden with gold and silver, that had the bank counters of the earth over which to trade, and the exchequers richer than the Cæsars ever knew,—when a prince in a petty province, decided that before God he would try to free his country from the incubus of tyranny, the man be-

came sublime. I do say here tonight, and I know you will not say me nay, anybody who comes honorably to the point of resolution, that man is to be respected.

Sometimes we grow bad without purpose, but so far as I have ever seen, people never grow good without purpose. I am not here to argue or explain how it is, but am very sure I am speaking solemn truth attested to by all the records of the world when I say, no life happens into goodness. We do n't stumble into virtue, we do n't rise upon the stones of anything other than sublime purpose when we grow to be good, when we mount up to be the sons of God. We do n't chance on sublime moments, we do n't get to be martyrs by imbecility, or opportunity, but we get to be good some way or other through some circumstance or other and we see and seize our opportunity, and resolve with the help of God to use it. I would never smile at such endeavors. It were better to attempt the higher life a thousand times and miss it, than never to have tried at all. It is always a virtue on the part of the young bird that it tries to fly. I have seen the birdling flutter and fail and fall on the ground, while the mother bird chirped around it; and then it resolved to try again; and that was blessed. The

resolution to try once more,—O, men and women, tonight would you hear me when I say that God is calling to you, though He uses only this broken voice of mine? God is calling you and saying, "Pick up the broken thread of your life. Try once more the story of goodness you tried once to tell. Take up the poor words 'pied' into tumultuous disarrangement, take them up and spell them out once more." Do you think because the printer had pied all his words together in such wild disorder that he should essay the printer's art no more? Do you think when he looks at his work and thinks, "This is only gibberish, there is nothing here," that he should say, "I will have done with the art, I have tried to learn and could not?" Let him try once more! Men and women, try God's business once again tonight. We say, "The third time 's the charm," but that is neither here nor there,—the last time may be the charm. If you have been a drunkard, try once more to reform; if you have been foul in speech, try once more to be clean,—if you have been a drunkard in your words and not in your life, in God's name, try and refrain from unclean talk and try to be a man in speech again. If you have been unjust in your accounts, if you have tampered with the legitimacy of trade, if you

have been peculative, in God's name try once more to do right. God helping you, you wont fail. If you will take the Almighty God into partnership with you, you do n't know what things will come to pass. I will tell you, if I stood again at the beginnings of my trade, if I were beginning my book reading again, if I had my feet on the threshold of life as I had in a day long ago, if I had my first Greek primer open before my face, if I were beginning my career once more, I will tell you honorably, I would not pray less, but more; I would not attend church less, but more; I would not be so eager to save time as that I should lose my soul; I would not be so eager to save time, that I would rob God.

RESOLVE.—Here was a bad man, and he said, "I am resolved what to do." I declare, even a bad man's resolution has something fascinating about it, like the sight of a serpent charming a bird. When Napoleon desecrated rights, ruined governments, killed legions, and waded through blood to thrones, you can not deny there was something splendid in the audacity of his resolution.

You can not deny that in the audacity of William the Conqueror, with no legitimacy of claim to the English throne, with his French speech and

manners, with his Norman ideas of things, with his iron hand, with his furious courage, who said he would kill Harold the accepted and legitimate king, and he would be the ruler of the kingdom, you can not deny, bloodthirsty and outrageous as was his enterprise, you can not deny there was in it something splendid. He resolved to do, and did. Whatever you may think of William the Conqueror, you must know he made a different language from what England would have spoken without him; he changed the legal codes of the English-speaking world; he changed our poetry, our oratory, our type of thinking, our rules of trade,—all that: one resolution did it.

In God's name, let us here tonight, make some resolution which God shall speak of in Heaven with pride and say, "This man," or "this woman, resolved to the better, and started out for the kingdom of God."

I never think of Milton with his sight,—and I have seen him in imagination many times, so many times, I would not care to estimate, when his eyes were good, when his heart beat for liberty, when he loved justice and hated enthroned wrong whether it were called "king" or "parliament" or what,—I can not think of him without spendthrift interest,

when I remember he took his pen in hand to write the Areopagitica, wherein he said, "The English people have a right to print the thoughts they think:" and he made the most stalwart and amazing plea for the individual expression of individual opinion that ever has been made. And when he was blind, when the flash of the lightning had flamed across his eye-balls, in his darkness, I see him yet,—how he takes another's hand and guides it, and it is a woman's hand betimes, and he says, "Write this, and this," and his darkness pressed down upon him, but he was resolved while life should last, though sight were dead, he would still serve his country and his God; and he wrote "Paradise Lost," and some of those amazing words that shock us now as if the lightnings flashed into the very core of our life,—O, the man's resolution was sublime!

What hinders you to resolve for great deeds, for purity, for better manhood? What hinders you to resolve for the purest conceivable life that ever bloomed in the heart? God and myself, God and yourself, that is spendthrift might, and there is n't anybody that can successfully battle against it.

I think we ought to resolve that we will take advantage of the century and live up to it. It is a good deal to have an ideal fixed for us. Last

spring, I did as I usually do, I bought a lot of flowers. If I ever grew one all summer, I have forgotten it. I never got one to grow. They are choice. I always buy a lot of flowers, but I never grow them. Are my intentions good? Tip-top. Do I put flowers right end up and right end down? Yes. Do I water them? Yes. What ails the flowers that they do n't grow? Well, I think among other things, one is that the soil is not the right soil. Then I think one thing is, the florist who raised them, petted them too much, and forced them into bloom so that poor, unsuspicious ministers would buy them because they looked so perky and so pretty, and I think they are petered out before I get them. When I get them and put them out in the frosty weather, they do n't like it. I never bought a fuchsia yet, and put it out to grow, that the thing did n't quit. It would not resume specie payment or any other sort of payment; and pretty soon, those flowers which bloom so beautifully, that I like to sit down and look at them just as I like to look at beautiful girls, pretty soon, they fade away. I suppose there is something in the soil, and in the hand that trains, and in the gumption that has methods for developing flowers, but whatever it is about the flowers, I do say it is a blessed

thing to belong to an era of the world when the highest ideals have made themselves at home, and rooted themselves in our soil. I am told that you can not transplant beech trees and make them live. They are beautiful where God has put them, but they do not seem to take to being transplanted. It is a great thing to have light and air and sunshine and wandering winds, and night-time dews, and day-time rains, and radiant suns for the growth of things. I say it is a fortunate thing that we live when we do, when the highest ideals of history have made themselves at home in our lives.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century, the sum total of college and court would have been against you if you had wanted to be a Christian. Tom Paine's words were on the lips of every collegian. You would have found in multitudes of places, in courts, in palaces, in the marts of trade, on ship-board, on the wharf, in the hovel, here and there upon the dusty road-way, on the ways that led to the hills, you would have found that the words of Voltaire, of Bolingbroke, and of Shaftesbury prevailed. People were talking infidelity. I thank God tonight in the name of young manhood, that Tom Paine's day is long past. If anybody here thinks that ribald infidelity is here, he does

not know. The day of flagrant infidelity is past. When a man now wants to say he is an infidel, he never thinks to say he is an infidel, he does not tell us he is a deist, he says, "I am an agnostic." In the old days, they did not speak that speech: they simply said, "I do not believe in a God," and the words were withered—as the leaves are—in November when the cold has come.

If a man wants to be a Christian now, somehow, the soil and the air are helpful to him. The world has answered the diatribes of infidelity. The day when Christianity was on trial, is long since forgotten. Anybody who supposes Christianity can not bear the test of the revelations of time, anybody who supposes Christianity can not bear the prick of the naked sword blade, does not know. We live in a time when high ideals are native to our soil.

Peculations in public positions were the common belonging of the world a century ago. Three months ago, all parts of the country were simply in a perfect conflagration about some stealings done in Cuba. Do n't you know, a century ago, that sort of thing would not have been mentioned. Henry Fox, who became Lord Holland, stole himself so rich, that at one time, he paid three-quarters of a million dollars of gambling debts for his son and did not

feel it. In those good old days, people stole both hands full at once, and no one thought anything of it. Now you can not steal without people's saying, "Do n't you know better? Did n't your mother tell you any better? Have n't you any pride, any decency? Do n't you care for the good name you have borne?" It is n't a good age to be a thief in. I am honest. If I had no morality, I think I would want to live in peace, and in the respect of my neighbors. It is a great thing when civilization has turned its back upon vicious finesse. In the old days, those things were the high-way to success. Today it is easier to live up to high ideals than it ever was. It is popular to be good. In the old days it was popular to be good for nothing; and there were plenty of people popular.

I have seen some men in our time who lived off their debts. I tell you honestly, that method of making a living was prevalent in the old time. The bankrupt that made a prince of himself would have had hosts of company in the old times. We know Oliver Goldsmith had to write his beautiful romance that drips with its tears yet, like a woman weeping, "The Vicar of Wakefield," to save himself from a debtor's prison. Sheridan would not let anybody come in at his door, because

he knew they would come with a pack of duns.—That was customary. A man estimated his gentility by the number of debts he owed, and the number of debts he did not propose to pay. The sooner young men know this that if they get only fifty cents a day, they want to live inside of it, and if they get only three dollars a week, they ought to live inside of three dollars a week, the sooner they know this, the better it is for themselves and for society. It is better to understand that we ought to be honest and pay every bill than it is to save a copper. I thank God we have grown into what I have termed "the era of honesty," when it is respectable to be honest. It is an easier thing to live up to a high ideal tonight than ever before. If you are not honest, it is not because the times are not to your help. If you are not virtuous it is not because the times are not in your favor. I would to God tonight that every man and woman would come out under the full light of the open day, and see the ideals God hath transplanted to our century, and the air He has brought with them, and then try to live up to them. The curious thing about the world is that it takes its own atmosphere with it. It does not trust to the lonely spaces through which it runs to gather breath, but takes its atmosphere with it. So God

has brought not only high ideals into our century but He has brought an atmosphere fitted to grow and nurture such ideals. I think therefore, we ought, in this coming year to try to be totally clean. There is nothing, I suppose, more beautiful in purity than newly fallen snow; there is nothing less beautiful than snow with soot upon it: there is nothing more ingratiating to God than a clean nature; there is nothing more hateful to God than a foul soul. Bless God, we can all keep our lives clean.

I am not asking about your past, let God remember that if He must, or forget it if He will; let us try a new chance; let us begin a new race; let us turn our faces and our feet God's way, and make for a new life. I confess to you that this thing always inspires me,—I am glad before God that we live in a time when a clean man has become heroic. I am glad that the essays written by Hume, in their ethics are as effete as the Deluge. I am glad that cleanness is heroic; that King Arthur is a hero of the new world; that Valjean with his cleanness of regenerative life is a hero; that a man like Colonel Newcome reduces us to tears; I am glad that clean manhood and womanhood bankrupt our lips of epithets because their grace is so unspeakable, we have no adjectives or epithets whereby we dare essay to

describe them. I would like to be a decent companion for the angels of God, and for men and women. If you are not good company for clean folks, you are not fit to live; if you can not go where decency is and feel at home, you are not fit to live. I am not asking you whether you have a bank account, whether your clothes are patched, whether you live in a garret or in a palatial home; I am asking you this larger question: what is the state of your life? Have you a clean life? Would you be ashamed to have Jesus walk into your room?

If you are going to lead a clean life, you will have to associate with clean people; you will have to live in clean moral localities. I do not say you will have to move,—clean moral localities are not geographically distributed. You can not go to New York City and pick out the moral slums. Moral slums are wherever degraded men and women live; it is not on one street or another; it is not in the tenements; it is not where the Italians or the Irish clutter; the slums of New York City are wherever people bring the dregs of a vicious life and pour them on the ground and make it sterile. I do n't care where rich people or poor people live, I do n't care where beggars or princes live: I am saying that a good moral neighborhood is where people

are trying to live so that God won't be ashamed of them. Beloved, it is at your house, it is at my house. There is no place deleterious to morals if you want to get in the neighborhood of God. If you get Christ around, you are like people that dwell in summer days on mountain ranges,—it is always blessed there. The cool breath of the wind, the shadows fertile with rest, the pine trees making odorous all the air, the lift of the mountains afar, the night balm, the far vistas of the sky, make life one glad delight. Well, if you are where Christ is, *you are on the mountains.* He went on the mountain to pray, and to preach, but sometimes he went down into the hollows of the hills. I beg you to believe it is not where you live that matters, it does not matter what your vocation be if it be honest. Wherever you live, it is a good moral neighborhood if you want to make it so.

If you have companions not acceptable to the finest sense of your finest nature, do away with them. If you have companions your mother would be ashamed of, keep them no more. If your father should come to see you,—he probably has more sense in a minute than you have in a week, those old chaps are mighty peart,—if he should come and find you with some of your flippant companions and

debauched acquaintances, he would look at you and say, "Charlie, is that man clean?" and you would say, "Well Father, he is a rich man's son," and he would say, "Charlie, is that man clean?" and you would say, "He is well connected, Father;" "Charlie, is that man clean?" That dear old man has a lot of acumen. If you had some of it, would n't it be nice? Do n't forget that morality is better than riches, better than family connections. I do not give a copper from whom a man is descended, if he has a clean, wholesome life. You can not be held responsible for your ancestry, but what you ought to find out is, do you live in a clean, moral neighborhood? Let us hug up close to Christ and get where the air is a delight and where our strength will be renewed like the eagle's. In God's name, get in a good moral neighborhood!

I suggest this: let us be religious. Morality which does not fructify into religion is not worth much. It can not keep house alone. Some people's morality is of the strangest sort. Sometimes men have said to me, "I do n't go to church Sundays, I play cards."

Playing cards is dangerous business to one's own soul. Those people desecrated God's Day, they never went near God's house, they never looked

God's way, they never did Him the decency to be courteous to Him. When I see young men on the street, and I go past them and lift my hand to my hat, and those fellows just go right on and never acknowledge the attention, I think if I were those fellows, I would n't let a poor, ancient, weather-beaten Kansas minister have more courtesy than I, would you?

COURTESY.—I am not arguing against morality, I am talking about people having morality that have n't good manners to God. I would not like to be totally indecent to God. If Christ went along our road, do you think you would walk stalwart and unbending and covered before Him? God is walking around here betimes; God is in his holy Temple; God is calling for service; He demands the fealty of the world; He says people need to pray to Him; He is glad when they do; He hears little children's prayers and catches them, and holds them in memory. And people claim to be moral, and do not pray! I affirm that morality that does not grow up into religion, is spurious: it is a poor type of morality. Supposing a man would go around, and I would say, "I thought you told me you were a cultivated gentleman?" "Yes, that is what I did tell you." "Well, what is the reason when I see

you going around town, and see so many people bowing to you, and you bow to hardly anybody?" "O," he says, "I just bow to people in my 'klawss.' Of course a man in my position, a great many people know, but I just speak to people in my 'klawss.'" George Washington was right when he took off his hat to the old colored aunty.

If God has been mannerly enough to notice you, do n't you think it is common respectability to be mannerly enough to notice God? When God loved you, do n't you think it is decency to give a little attention to God if you do n't love Him?

It may be the last year of your life. Time is hurried,—I take my hour glass and put it down before me many an hour just to see that time is in a hurry and won't stop. The yellow sand from off some tawny desert, runs down,—nothing can stop it, runs down, a few grains at a time, persistent as the unsealed glacier in its onward movement, and as certain as the rush of the great sea,—going, going, till at last, every grain has seeped out, and the bulb above is empty and the bulb below is full. We have n't much time. How old are you? Was n't it only the other day you were married, and cast your first vote. For whom did you cast your first vote? "Why," you say, "let me see, why I remem-

ber now, I cast my first vote for Lincoln." Did you? Well Lincoln has been dead a long time. Oh, you old chap! Getting old? Yes. Don't feel it? No. You say, "I feel as vigorous as ever I did." Hear me! You ARE N'T. Time is going to stop pretty soon for you. How long are you going to live? What 's a hundred years? You can not stay here long, you have got to go quickly; pretty soon, you will be gone, and your hands will have rest for a million years. Get tired while you are here. Work hard. Don't whine because you have to work.' Thank God you have the chance to do it. Be so honorable in the world's industry, and so eager to serve, that you will covet the hours you sleep. Work, work! Hurry up! Don't wait. Don't waste time. Don't do things you will have to undo. Keep at your work and do it right. Keep at it six days in the week. Pretty soon it will be time to stop; and God will come by and say, "Quit work," and you will say, "It is not night," and He says, "Quit work," and you say, "It is only two o'clock; I have only just begun for the afternoon." And He says, "Quit work:" and you say, "Master, it is not sun-down yet, may I not work till night?" and He says, "Quit work:" and you lay down your hammer on the anvil, with your hand black with

the grime of the smithy, and you will go out with him, and he will say to you, "It is time to quit work;" and you will say, "Will I be back in the morning?" and he will say, "No, not in the morning;" and you will say, "Will I be back tomorrow?" "No, not tomorrow;" and you will say, "Will I be back day after tomorrow?" and He will say, "No, not day after tomorrow;" and you will say, "Will I be back this week?" and He will say, "No, not this week;" and you will say, "Will I be back week after next?" "No, not week after next:" and He leads you past your own door; and you will say, "Here is where I live;" and He says, "Let us go a little farther;" and you will say, "Will I be back soon? There is a little baby in the cradle, and my wife sits beside the cradle,"—and He says, "You can not come back tonight:" and you will say, "Where are you taking me?" And He will say, "I am taking you to a land very far off, and from whose 'bourne no traveler returns.'" And you say, "Can not I go back and only kiss my baby's lips, and kiss my wife's cheek and tell her how I love her and how sorry I am I was unkind to her,"—and He says, "Come along. This is the way." And you say, "Can't I go back once?" "NO." And somehow there is a little sternness in his voice, but you say,

"I MUST go back a minute, only a minute, just once, to tell,"—and He says, "COME ON,"—O, who is it? It is the Master, Death. You can not go back,—not for a minute, no. You might just as well ask for a century as for a minute; and you will go past your own door, and out through the street, and beyond the city gate, and out into lanes you never trod before, and suddenly, it will be pitch dark, and Death will be gone, and you will be in the silence where you can hear the blood beat around your temples like the flow of a rushing river, ALL ALONE. Pray God when you get *there* that Christ be with you lest you die of solitude. Amen.

VI.

AGAINST THEE ONLY HAVE I SINNED.

"Against Thee, and Thee only, have I sinned."—Ps. li, 4.

HERE was a man who was looking himself straight in the face. He was looking his sins straight in the eyes. His name happened to be King David, though it might have been any of a hundred or thousand other names as well. Nobody monopolizes sin or fear or loss or sorrow or joy. The difficulties of life, the passions of life, the glories of life, the fames of life, the disasters of life, they are distributed through the centuries. No man monopolizes them; no woman monopolizes them; no generation monopolizes them; no century monopolizes them; no race monopolizes them; they belong to the green pasture fields of the whole earth of history and of life. Sin is not any new thing. Sin is not any unusual thing. Sins that are multitudinous, sins that are appalling, sins that are out-

rageous, sins that shake Heaven and shame God, they are quite current; they are very common-place, —more 's the pity. So that this was no unusual thing that a man had become an outrageous sinner. But I do say it might be a trifle unusual that a man had had the manliness to look his sin in the face and not wince. That was the only unusual thing, the only great exceptional on the occasion.

Some people look nobody in the eyes. They look at you and over you and around you, and probably they will try to look through you. They will look down as if they were in a day dream or in a stupor, but they will not look at you. We say they have a "hang-dog" look: though I think it is not fair to slander the beasts. I think it is neither a commendable nor justifiable feature we always revert to, that in our allusions and similitudes, we are apt to explain man life by beast life, because I think some beasts are eminently reputable and respectable compared with some men. But you know what is meant. It is meant that some folks won't look at you frankly. They have n't the appearance of candor. Whatever their intentions, their attitude appears not to be candid. You go to the tawny lion lying in his cage, and he lies there as if he were the dug up fragment of the desert out which he

came, and his sleepy eyes turn your way with a sort of a "I do n't care who you are," and a "I do n't care where you go" look; but if you will look that beast steadily in his eyes, sleepy as they are, you will observe that his Leonine Highness will gracefully, (for a lion always does things gracefully, like some women), turn his head away as if he has no interest in you. That is all. He won't bear your glance. There seems to be in man's straightforward look, some sort of might that is like the shine of a great light in the eyes when you are n't used to it, that blinds the beast. He can not bear it.

There is the Royal Bengal Tiger: to my mind, one of the most beautiful things that ever ravished the eyes. That thing whose spring means death; that thing, with bewildering sunlight as of the tropics caught on his striped back and held there a fadeless glory; that beast won't look you straight in the eyes. You go to him and ask him if he is honest, and he will look at you blandly for a minute, and then turn the other way. He is a man eater. He has no chance at you, therefore he has no interest in you. Some people, if they can not use you, they will not care for you. Some beasts are the like.

What I say is this: however you may explain it,

and whatever your words or thoughts may be about it, one thing is very sure, that the inability to look other folks in the eyes, is a poor business qualification. Some people's candor of look is better than a corner lot in the midst of a city, to build upon. It is better than such a site selected by the Government to build upon. When the Government selects the site, prices go up twice in a night. Candor of look is a property like that. It is a property having immense value. Some people, when they look at you, you feel they are trying to trick you. They look at you furtively; like a woman looks at a man she is in love with. She looks aside, she looks one side, and two sides, three sides, four. Some people are precisely after this fashion. They always look at you as much as to say, "I will trick you. I have got it in for you. And you will come out worsted."

Some people, when they have looked at me, I have gotten hold of my pocket book. I don't know why I have the feeling to do that, I know it is foolish to grasp at emptiness. But really, if I had any place where I had valuables, I think I would always be looking after them. Haven't you seen people of that sort? They are honest, may be, but they look at you wistfully, as much as to say, "I would

like what you have, and I believe I know the trick to get it." This is unfortunate.

But not everybody who wont look at you is dishonest; not everybody who wont look at you is tricky; not everybody who wont look at you has some esoteric qualities he is not willing you should perceive. Some people do n't look at you because their eyes are weak. They are like people whose eye-lids are cut away, and they wince beneath the glare of the sun. They are simply weak in their optic nerves, and have grown so that they look on the earth instead of at you; and we misconceive them. Some people do not look at you because they are natively modest. Some of the biggest fellows that ever wabbled along the street or strutted through the world are the most modest. Preachers are modest men. You would not think that of them, would you? You could not very well persuade people that preachers are modest, but they are probably the most modest men in creation. You could not easily persuade people that men who have large dealings with public affairs are modest; but it is presumptive they have the shivers every time they come to touch the great palpitating thing we call "public life" and "public weal" and "public work." Some people's eyes

do n't look folks in the eyes because they have modesty in them. They are in a sort of dreamy expectancy: but after all alleviations and all possible palliations are made, you know as well as I do, that the inability to look men and women frankly, freely, and absolutely straight in the eyes, is a poor business investment; and the ability to look folks in the face, makes men practically equipped to get the most from the world with the least possible effort.

Some people have to talk at you. You take the life insurance agent. He comes in with his brisk step, sits down, and says, "I suppose you have all the life insurance you care to take?" and you say, "Yes, every lonesome bit I can carry:" and he says, "I suppose you could n't possibly take any more?" and you say, "O, yes, I could take lots more, but I could n't pay for it. Do you want the job? Do you care to take the risk?" But that does not abash him. He stays and talks and talks a long time, and by and by you say that you are fully insured, and he says he is sorry you are so fully insured, and you say you are sorry too. And then you say good-bye, and he says good-bye; for they are delightful gentlemen, these men that want you to enhance the value of your life by paying a premium on it, and then this pleasant, delightful, charming man is gone.

but he has n't insured you! Another fellow comes in and puts his papers down on your desk, and says, "I came to insure you:" and it is the easiest thing in the world for him to get your job. You look at him and think he is lying, (upon my word, I have been at the point where I thought a life-insurance man was lying, though I do n't know what ailed me to think it. But in a moment of spasmodic insanity, I have honestly thought that may be he was lying. And I would look at him as if he would, and he would look at me so frankly, I would feel like throwing myself in his arms and saying, "Forgive me for the perfidy of my thought. I know you love me better than my wife or children thought of doing), and he insures you! His talk did n't do it. What did? O, the excess of candor, the absoluteness and evidentness of truthfulness fooling around in his eyes. He looked as if he had the eyes of a conquerer. He came, he saw, he INSURED: that 's the popular rendering of "Veni, vidi," and the rest. Well, now, there is the plain fact in the matter. You know these things to be true as well as I do. It is a great thing in a business way to have the candid look; to be able to look folks straight in the eyes without winking. Sometimes when you get your picture taken. the artist says you are not to

wink, and then,—you do wink. Whenever he tells you not to wink, you want to: and he says, "Do n't wink," and you do it as fast as you can. It is a pretty hard thing to look lots of people in the eyes and not blink, but if you are going to do business with little talk and lots of results, you must do it.

Some people wont look themselves in the face. They will look others in the face, but not themselves. And indeed, between the two difficulties, and both are agreed to be honest and sincere difficulties, but as between them, the looking yourself straight in the face, unwinceingly, is a great deal the larger difficulty. Did you ever try looking your face firmly in the countenance? Did you ever take up a looking glass and say, "That is just how I look." I think it is best when you have your picture taken, to look at the negative. The negative is how you look: not how you should look. The picture is how you ought to look. It is a pretty good thing to take the negative and look at it. Have you the courage to do it? If you used to be beautiful, and some catastrophe to looks came over your face, can you look yourself in the face? Homeliness is not pleasant. (I address myself to the men.) Homeliness is not delightful even in manhood; but if you are homely, you would better look yourself straight

in the eyes and say, "I am homely." It is a hard thing to do. You can not deceive yourself when you thus look straight in an open glass. We ought to know, if we are homely, that may be God made us so, that we might be smart. It's hard to hang the two things together,—good looks and smartness; so, it may be possible that God made so many of us ill-looking so we might have the other advantage. Can you look yourself honestly in the eyes? Did you ever try it? Did you ever do it, and never wince, and say, "This is how I am. This is how I appear. This is my precise, accurate, and exact self?" Can you do that?

Did you ever look your intellectual self in the eyes? Did you ever take an accurate inventory of what you knew? Did you ever try to look over the whole world of knowledge, and then at your little bailiwick of information? Did you ever look over the whole world of literature, and then remember what you had read? Did you ever go into a library of sixty thousand, a hundred thousand volumes, and know you had probably read fifteen hundred in your life? Did you ever have the full courage to straightly look your intellectual life in the eyes and say, "I do n't know this, that or the other, or still the other?" Did you ever do that?

When you are in college, you get a good many close looks at your own face. They have tests. What 's that? It is putting you on the rack and seeing how you feel when you come down. When young people know too much, and do n't study enough, they give tests; and under the wince and pull and twinge of them, they understand they do n't know very much. I am a firm believer in tests. I think there are a great many advantages in giving school teachers an examination every two years. It is quite possible to petrify at one's trade. I have known preachers, in their course of study, to grow an inch a day; and when they were through their studies, because there were no more examinations, they did n't grow an inch a year. There are some things to be said, in other words, for the continuity of tests, or for the application of some sort of regimen so that you shall be able to see yourself as you are, and know whether or not you are growing or dwarfing. Did you ever owe it to your own life to do that sort of thing? Did you?

It is a good thing to look your moral self in the eyes. If you have an inclination to be a little grandiose morally; if you think you are doing as much as anybody you know; if you think your good works are accumulating on you; if you think your works of

supererogation, not a ghostly imagination, but a fact; if you think you are piling up a sort of mountain range of holy activity; it is a good thing to look yourself straight in the eye. You have thought of a great many things to do, but you have fine knack of forgetfulness of things you ought to do. You are affable at this turn, but irritable at that. You wont be pleased with your picture if you look your moral life in the face. No-body ever looked his moral life in the face that he did not wince and was ashamed. There are worse things than being ashamed of your moral life; and one is, not to be ashamed at all.

Did you ever look your religious life in the eyes? Do you know what it is to have Christ at both extremities of your life? Do you know what it is to have him at the home circle, and at the store? Did you ever try looking your life fairly in the eyes with reference not to the thing you are, but what you ought to be? Did you ever view your religious life under the white light of Christ? Did you perceive how lacking you were in conscience? How God's accuracies had never been observed in your speech or life or work? Did you observe how your business life, your social life, your home life, all of them, lack in accuracies like mis-spelled words a child brings home from school; or like ill done sums

which, when you see their incorrect answers, you try to fling away or burn them in the grate if you may? Did you ever do that? When we come to face our true selves honestly, we will look at our religion as it is. Are you sensitive to the virtues? Are you like a finger with the nail removed which is all quick? Are you sensitive to the light of God as a sensitized plate to the sun? Do you hear God's voice in your slumbers and dreams? And in your waking, does His voice appeal to you above the melee of the throng? Does your heart's love naturally revert to Jesus Christ, as a man or woman reverts to the thought of some one loved most, absent in travel, or gone in a far foreign land? Does your life as naturally go to God, as little children run back home with clamor and rejoicings? Does your life as naturally swing to the cadences of God as the brooks along the bewildering highway under the shadow of the trees, out in the open meadow land, wander toward the river, and from the river to the sea, but have forever-more the laughter of spring time's music in their voices? Do you know what it is to have a circle at home for prayer? I think if there is any great mistake in life, it is, not to have a circle at home for prayer.

Did you ever on cold winter nights, gather your

children and wife together close around the grate? And the fire sparkled, and the wood crackled and ran out in flames, and the strange beds of coals began to build themselves in stately castles, and fashion themselves in a strange glow, and the little children said, "This is a king coming; and this is a Knight riding his horse to battle; and here is a queen going to her wedding;" and you can see all sorts of beauty in the coals; and you sit close together; your wife is beside you, and your little children about you,—the least child on your left arm, and the next on your knee,—it was sweet to do that, was n't it? Well, it is a good deal sweeter to get all your loved belongings around a family altar and begin to pray to God. I think when breakfast is over, or when dinner at night is done, and all the business of the day is concluded, and we know the night is upon us and the stars are watching, after an evening's enjoyment of social intercourse, I think it is so sweet to get your wife and children, and the folks that are neighborly with you,—the dear old mother if God has spared her, the white-haired father, the friends who have come to visit with you,—and gather together in a little circle so you could touch each others hands, and read stanzas out of God's Book,—because God's book flows into poetry, so that I think

all its verses are stanzas to the singing heart,—and kneel there, and catch each others' hands, and make your prayer to God, and feel that Heaven is not remote, but neighborly, and Christ is not yonder so much as here. I call that a family circle swinging around the great unhindered and unhinderable God.

If indeed you shall test your life so that it may come to the accuracies of the delineation of the Gospel, how will it appear to you? Here was a man who looked himself in the eyes, and found himself ashamed, debased, and on the earth—that was how he was. It is a good thing in my estimation to get so straight a look at yourself in your own life's history as that you will be ashamed. Shame is the gate-way into the City of God. You can not get a self-sufficient personality into an open life. You can not rescue people from evil, and lift them up to God until they know their life is evil. When this man saw himself, then he was flung prostrate on the earth, like a man weeping at the grave of his wife in the dreary cemetery,—then he cried aloud until God heard him; and God was sorry for him. You must have a full view of yourself in order to have a full view of God. God never becomes consequential until yourself become inconsequential. You will never know how to gird

up your poor garments and speed on lightly until your life out-runs the winds, unless you know your step is slow and perfunctory. You will never understand God's capacity until you understand your own incapacity. My life, my soul, my desire, my possibility of enlargement, my possibility for manhood in my own life, can only come in proportion as I know I am only an empty pitcher spilled clean dry of water; and if God take me not up and dip me down into his living springs and pelucid pools, and bring me out clear full, I had given no drink to thirsty folks that would die without.

I said to a little body the other day, "You forgot something, did n't you?" and she said, "I do n't know;" and I said, "You forgot to wash our face, did n't you?" And she said, "I did n't forget it, I did n't want to wash my face." That is quite an accurate statement of many cases. Sometimes we do n't know we are foul and so do n't care to go through the cleansing process. Sometimes, we do n't care to be clean. But look yourself straight in the eyes,—that is the word, that is the necessity,—come straight here, look yourself in the face, and, knowing what sort of man or woman you are; knowing your deficiencies; knowing how God sees you fail; knowing God's conception of manhood and

womanhood; and seeing what God had in expectation for you, and knowing how you fail; then you will go down on your face, and your sobs will leap so far, and your crying will be so mighty, as that you will get the ear of God, and God will help you.

I confess to this company I like the old time nomenclature of our church. We used to talk about "Conviction." That meant conviction of sin. People knew they were sinners. I think the great moral defect of our particular time of the world is that we do n't know we are sinners. You could not persuade a man that he was a sinner if you would take a year to argue with him. He is self-palliative; he expiates himself; he doffs his duties as he does his hat or coat in the evening; he says, "I am not as bad as other people;" he glows on himself; he is self-satisfied, like a man warming his hands before the fire. There is no colossal goodness of life possible without an obtruding conviction of sin. Sometimes when I hear an old man pray, I hear phrases I have n't heard for years. I confess I like them. They come to me like bits of forgotten music, only when I hear the strain on the streets, my own lips unconsciously begin to swing the music out as I would begin to swing a perfume censer to and fro, and watch the smoke go up and breathe across the

dome. We are sinners: God is not. We are lost! HE is not. We are weary; He is untired. We are impotent; He is omnipotent: and it is only in proportion as we get Him and us together; as we see the things we are not, and the things He is; as we learn what is the retinue God means we shall have as we march toward the City of God; it is only so, life can aggrandize itself and become glorious.

When we are down on the earth; when our head is bowed; when our lips are in the dust; when our cries go moaning out; when our mouths say no word of justification, only our anguish oozes from our lips, and we say, "God be merciful to me. I am a sinful man. Leave me not here or I die;" when we come to such a place as that, God is laughing. He is not laughing AT you, but FOR you.

You take a leper with his snow-white leprous face, his rasp of voice, his hateful acclimatization to disease; he wont come near you, but he will call with his uncomely speech and with his strident voice and say, "Leper! Leper! Unclean, Unclean!" And he wont come near, only if you go nigh, he will clamor all the more, "Leper! Unclean!! Go by me!!" And when a man or woman calls, "I am leprous white from head to foot; ashamed from heart to flesh and flesh to heart, then it is the great

God laughs and is glad; and some of his choir set a-singing a new song; for they are saying, "He is not far from the Kingdom."

I appeal to you this morning: Do you know what conviction of sin is? Do you know how far your life fails of being God's life? Do you know what stature God hath? Do you know his feet are fine brass as in a blazing furnace? Do you know he is girded about the paps with a golden girdle? Do you know his face out-shines the morning when the sky is clear? Did you ever see God, and did you turn your eyes away, bankrupt of hope? And did you feel your virtue evaporate like the hoar frost when the sun blisters down upon it his angry kiss?

David had a definite conviction of sin because he knew he was naught. He beheld God, and was so ashamed of his own life, he was so weary of his own turpitude, that his heart was closed to all hope: and God came and lifted him up and gave him one more chance, and said, "I will give you one chance more;" and David said, "You wont." And He said, "By my Son, I will give you one chance more." And he said, "But you wont." And He said, "By my saving grace and by my character, I will give you one more chance." And David looked at him and wept scalding tears, and said, "O, but you

wont." And He said, "I will." And he said, "You can not." And God said, "I will, I will give you another chance." And he said, "O, but you wont give me *another* chance?" And God said, "I will give you *another* chance," AND HE GAVE IT TO HIM.

Beloved, I wish you would straitly conceive this proposition this morning: the text says, SIN OPERATES ONLY AGAINST GOD. This man had sinned against Uriah; he had sinned against Bathsheba; he had sinned against his own kingdom; and when he came to himself and understood his crime, he said, "I have n't done any sin against anybody but God." In other words, what I would have you consider is, sin is mono-directional (if I may coin a word), it hath but one direction. It does not run out like the radii of a circle. It simply has one sole road that leads only from the soul-life to God: and God says, "Your sin is against me; your life is to me." How great that thought is! How penetrative to the very core it is. Sin is man's uprising against God. Now the plain truth is (I do n't say it to our discouragement or discourtesy), we say one class of sin is against God, and one against man; and God says, "All sin is against Me." I am not sinning against the little child when I turn her

from the door, I am sinning against the little child's God. My little child, when I have treated it harshly and called out raspingly, "Do n't come in here, do n't you see I am getting a sermon up?" the little midge goes away crying. Thank God, that thing has never been among my sins. Parents, do n't turn your little children away when they are hungry to see you. Do n't get so engaged with books or work that you have n't time to be re-engaged with your children. A woman belongs to a club, and her little child calls, "Mamma," and peeps in at the door, and she says, "Why child, run away! Do n't you know Mamma is writing a paper for the club?" I think some women will put off dying to get their club paper "writ." And it wont be worth much when done. I get so vexed over these protrusions of little things into the midst of life's great things, I do n't know what to do. We have n't time for the little promontories of small things to come out into our sea of life's great business. Your little children first! Do n't turn them away. Any sermon you could get up would be better because you stopped to kiss your baby three times before you got to your "thirdly," and the crowd wont care if you never get to your "thirdly." And you, man sitting at your books in there: your book-keeping will be quite as beauti-

fully accurate, and your balance sheet will be quite as correct, if you stop a little while to talk with your wife and pet her when she comes in to smooth the wrinkles out of your forehead and pushes back your hair, and says, "You 'd better rest awhile, Dear;" and you say, "Your bills are coming in the first of the month, and I can't rest." Remember what I tell you: stop a little while, and your fingers will be quicker, your brain a little swifter, and your books be balanced up as well. You do n't lose anything in life's long run by doing the major things first. Never!

God knows our life should be one-directioned, and that on the way to God. All things synchronize then, and we are not doing things with the little child or with the poor man at our door; we are not doing business, in the conception of the great God, in one building or on one street, we are not doing business out at the stock yards or in the factory, we are doing business, not with factories over the States, but we are doing business with God. That is our one great business. That is perennial because He is there. And he says, "How are the books to-day? How do the accounts balance? How is the inventory coming out this year? You are doing business with Me."

Don't you know, with such a conception, life grows sublime? We are not selling goods to New York, or sending our goods North, South, East or West; we are not taking trade from Cincinnati, or from Louisville, or St. Louis, or from Chicago or Cleveland, but we are doing business with God, and our whole life fronts him as the world fronts the dawn. The world never turns its back on the dawning, never looks away from the coming of the morning.

"Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned." I remember to have read the story of "The Deemster." I trust you have read it too, because it is a story of the struggle of a heart to get the upper-hand of itself; and that is always the biggest fight known to the soul of man. It is the story of a man who was not bad, but blustery; who had never the art to control himself and make his own hand answer to his own spirit. He went from looseness to looseness, till by and by he committed a crime which was not in his heart to commit; and by the course of law this man was banished and lived alone. Nobody's face to look at; nobody's hand to touch; nobody's voice to hear; nobody's eyes to make him glad; no sun-rise but the sun-rise of the sun; no evening but the evening of the sky. Were you ever

banished like that? Were you ever away from human beings altogether? Did you ever know solitude that completely shut you off from life's ministry and mercy? When you are sick, somebody sits in the next room, and you can bear to be ill because you know you are not all alone: you cry with feeble voice, "Come here a minute," or you touch the bell, and somebody comes running with quiet but eager feet into your room, and you can bear it to be ill. But O, to be all alone and dying; to be on a waterlogged ship, floating alone, and nobody this side of Heaven to hear your cry! Here was a man, and he thought his life had many directions; he thought his sin was against the man and the lovers and friends of him he had slain: and he found there were but two people in the universe, and one of them was God, and one of them was himself. Hear me! That is a great, grave, and prodigious conclusion: you and God; that is all. In the big room of life, two folks; in the big room of conscience, two folks; in the big room of foul sin, two folks; in the big room of compunction of conscience, two folks! "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned:" and Dan, in "The Deemster," yonder with nobody,—There was the froth of the sea whitening on the rocks; there was the sea gull's

wild call sometimes by day and sometimes by dark; there were the tall cliffs of the Isle of Man, and there was the Calf of Man round which the raging billows shook and broke themselves in foaming splendor; there was where winters broke in storms; and there was where the summer sang its own music in unspeakable sweetness. He could see the fishers' boat, but he must not go to it. Yonder were his own people, but he must not go nigh them. Not far away was the woman he loved and for whom he longed, but he must not see or think of her. The only person, the only neighbor to his soul, was God. By and by when his lips were being glued together, because he had no one to speak to, he said, "If I talk not with Him, I die;" and he learned to pray, because he was being robbed of his speech: and Beloved, that is the only way you can keep your best speech, your poet's eloquence and gift, it is by talking to God. And that man found out that he and God were the only people in the world. As soon as he found that out, all was found out. And then he heard how the people who had banished him were in great distress and dying. Then he and God, the only folks in his life, began computing the same great reckoning and carrying on the same industry, and he went out and healed the folks and came

back to die: and the God that had stood by him nights when he came to Him, stood by him in the night of death; and his death was as beautiful as morning breaking over the sea.

"Against Thee, and Thee only, have I sinned." To Thee, Thee only will I live. Thou art the circumference within which my life revolves. Thou art He toward whom my objectifications of purpose run. Thou art He toward whom my prayer swings out censer-wise. Thou art He toward whom my hand service goes. Thou art the road-way of my journey, and the holy Jerusalem of my pilgrimage.

A great life always culminates in this: we live to God, and we live to Him daily. We live to him in our house work, and in our correspondence, in our philanthropies and in our industries, in our slumber and in our waking; we live to Him when we sing our psalms and make our prayers and read our Bibles; we live to Him when we read our great poems, and when we read the daily doings in the news papers; we live to Him when we sing our babies to sleep; we live to Him when we are giving medicine to the sick, or taking care of the aged and infirm; we live to Him when we are doing our petty chores that nobody knows or remembers; we live to Him when we are handling state-craft, and

shaping destinies for the world; we live to Him. It is between God and us. All else is void. There is nothing between Him and me. Believe me, a life like that is sublime. There are no things inconsequential; everything is great, dignified, full of sobriety and wonder. And interesting things become glorified as if they flashed and burned like splendid gems, and you caught them and held them to the light, and the world and all Heaven was in them.

"Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned,"—and beyond all that, to Thee, Thee only, will I live; and Thee, Thee only, shall I serve; and toward Thee, Thee only, shall I walk; and with Thee, Thee only, is my comfort; and for Thee, Thee only, is my service; and in Thee, Thee only, is my hope. Thou art my day-dawn from on High: Thou art my glory, unspeakable, eternal; Thou art the Resurrection of my life; Thou art my soul's hope, to-day and to-morrow, and the day after, forever!

This is life, and this is the Gospel. May God help us so we may understand the mono-direction of life; that all paths are one, they lead to Him or from Him. THAT way? HE is THIS way. That way, why it is growing dark: that way, why the stars are dim; that way, why, the shadows thicken: that way, why, the gloom is infernal: that way, why,

there is a moan upon the lip, and the breaking of the heart: go not that way, my soul. What way is it? That way is the way *from* God. Go not that way, my Soul. "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned,"—go not that way, my Soul.

Take the high opportunity of life, and get God to help you go THIS way. Go THIS way, why, it is daylight now: go THIS way, why, it is sun-up now: go THIS way, why, there is growing in the midst a glory that I dreamed not of: go THIS way, HE is coming, GOD! clad in light like a garment: and He hath a crown lighted with ten thousand gems upon his forehead, and behind Him, are the singing saints of God (not a surfeit of singing), but behind Him are the singing saints of God,—O! Toward THEE, Thee only, shall I live! And for THEE, Thee only, shall be my life here, here-after and for-ever, and for-ever! Amen.

PRAYER.

SO, Lord, as we began our service, so we conclude it; we talk with Thee when we begin, and when we conclude.

O, precious Christ, help us to know what the Church is for,—help us to know what this Church is for: and may the Church of God stimulate our thought, and fertilize the field where our ideas are sown; and make youth and old age to be always at home; and find youth's hope; and stimulate every lordly endeavor in the heart; and teach

us that God is neighborly to us; and lift us up so we may come to Him, and He may come to us; and may the house of God rain quiet rain like rain at night upon our dry spirits, and make them damp like fallow land where Spring-time comes: and on our winter, blow with Thy breath of June, and thaw our snow and ice away, and make life to know flower banks like the dear Spring doeth to-day.

O, God, give us all we need; give us laughter in abundance; give us delight to mix with our tears; give us God's help in our mission here, and after awhile, give us a home in Heaven, and the sight of Christ, and the laughter of the angels, and the companionship of the just, and the folding in with our dear ones who outran us a little, and are come before us to the Land of God: and there we will love Thee, and love to love Thee, in Christ's name, Amen.

VII.

REMEMBER.

PRAYER.

WE have read, O God, that all of our deeds are written in a Book; and we are frank to say, we do n't want to see the Book. If we were to look upon its pages, it would burn our eye balls like lightning sent full in the face. Our life, our service, our lack of service, our serving wrong masters, our thinking unrighteous thoughts, our following unworthy motives, our esteeming low ideals to be better than high,—all these things would be written in the Book; and we are ashamed of them. O, God, in Thy pity, destroy the Book; do something to it; spill Christ's blood upon it,—do that and we shall be satisfied. O, God, pity us! We have many blemishes; ten thousand thousand failures would not begin to account for the wreckages we have made. All we can do now is to trust to Christ and begin afresh.

O, God, help us to-night to REMEMBER; to remember that here we are a little while, and there we are a long while; to remember that our future depends upon our present; to remember we are making our own destiny; to remember that God wants us to be good; to remember that Christlikeness of spirit is an open sesame to every good in this life and in the life to come.

O, Lord, breathe on us, we pray Thee, a spirit of considerateness, of thoughtful-mindedness. O, make to-night salubrious in its climate for the growth of every good intention, and the rooting of every good desire, and the

flowering of every good purpose. In so much as we have failed to-day, help us to-morrow not to fail wherein we have failed before, but may we remember past procrastinations and deficiencies and deflections from the path of right, and may we learn to be more on our guard.

Keep us in good temper,—keep us in good temper with the world, and with each other; keep us from irascibility, from coarsencss of thinking, and O, God, keep us ten thousand leagues from coarsencss of speech: may the words of our lips, and the deepest thinkings of our deepest natures be white and acceptable in God's sight.

Lord, God, bless the soldiers. It is getting near Memorial Day. Let no one of us, young or middle-aged, or old, forget how much we owe to the men that fought for the integrity of the Union. If we forget thcm and their service, "May our right hand forget its cunning, and our tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth." It is because of them, the country we love and has given us nutriment and helped us to our prosperity of life and outlook on destiny,—it is because of these men that this country still lives. God bless every old soldier! If Thou canst not heal his wounds, (for some of them are very deep and lacerated), give him an outlook for Eternal Life, and grant that every old soldier may come to be a "soldier of thc Cross." Bless any women that are soldiers' widows; bless any that are soldiers' orphans; anybody who has graves in the cemetery to decorate,—graves of those that used to fight for their country's honor, and the maintenance of righteousness for God and man,—God bless them!

Bless our country, make it great for good. Make us all good, so that we shall all be after God's manifest notion of greatness. And after awhile, may we hear the bugle of the morning of God blowing, and the answering of the cry, "Here am I," and may God say, "I am looking for you, and you are come," we pray, for Christ's sake, Amen.

"Son, remember!"—Luke xvi, 25.

IF anybody were to say "Remember the future," you would laugh at him and think he had perpetrated a sorry jest. You would accuse him of being a sort of ignorant humorist. You would say that memory concerned itself solely with the PAST; that its business was, to retain in its grasp and hand to life, the YESTERDAYS of our experience. I do not deny this is the major function of memory; but we are not to suppose, because memory is one thing, that it could not also be another thing.

This advice I give you tonight taken from the Book of God, is, "Son, remember;" gather up your life; hold it up; look at it! And then, you have a life that is not yet lived; a tomorrow, on whose door-step, you have not stood,—take THAT up and look at it; remember tomorrow!

Now, nobody understands memory; everybody has it. We say we have "treacherous memories." We have. Some men can not remember people they owe. Some people have marvelously retentive memories for people owing them,—I have found that to my sorrow. But we talk about "treacherous memories." We remember a great many things,—I am

apt to believe we remember more things than we forget; that more things stay in the sieve of memory than go through it.

We don't understand memory. We have read psychologies about it; and they have left us where we began. No psychologist understands how we remember, all he can tell us is that we do; and we knew that before he told us. We do recollect things. God has made the human intelligence so fertile in resource, so massive in its build, so commanding in its powers, as that we do remember. Our yesterdays don't flow from us. We go through life, and hold life by the shoulders, and the thing we saw a thousand yesterdays ago, we see tonight,—here it is! If we did not remember, life would be like a prisoner's cell, poor in compass, dark in atmosphere. We DO remember. Soul-life is one great amplitude of movement and of power.

Now, some travelers go through their journeys in the summer time with a kodak, and they squint it on everything. There are kodak fiends as there used to be autograph fiends. If people have a kodak and have sense enough to use it, it is nice to have it, but they ought to have some sense, and then may be they would n't have a kodak: but if you have sense, you can have a kodak, and go through the avenues

of the brave summer time,—what are you doing? Taking pictures of things so that when you go home, you may have memories.

I have a friend who went to Norway a few summers ago, and in that bewildering atmosphere, and in those noble fiords where the sea angers at the base of the great declivities but never lifts its voice to the summit though its roar is like the frenzied wrath of angry giants, he went along the fiord passes and along the wide summits, and where they flung their massive and imposing shadows that minded man of eternity, and he climbed the long passes over the great ragged hedgeways, and he caught the memories of that strange, sweet, wondrous land, and fetched them home: and if you were to go to his house tomorrow, he would take you through Norway the Wonderful. You can hear the sea mutter in its anger, and sing in its gladness; you can see the long sliding cliff lean up beyond the morning; you could see the long lean of the rafterless sky as it leaned over the world and never fell upon it when it quivered as the thunders rolled along its empty roof; you can see that: that is memory. We are carrying kodaks; we go through our yesterdays and fetch our yesterdays with us. While I am talking here tonight, you are rambling down

the long lanes of life. Can you remember when you were a child? You are getting old, but try it,—do. I can remember,—my earliest recollection was this: a dead woman's face, and she was my Mother. I never see her face flushed with life, and her eyes glad with the sunlight of that infinite mercy called a mother's love,—I never see that, but only the dull, cold marble, passionless as if it had forgotten the beauty of love. And then, I can remember when my Father brought me over the Rocky Mountains, over the long trail of the plains, when I "trecked" in those days, a little lad of three or thereabout; and the Indians hanging along the horizon, and the teamsters banding together and setting their watches by day and night, and the long sways of the meadow grasses hit upon by the hunger of the wind,—I can remember it. In the morning of life!

You can remember your life, can you? Bring it all back, all the way along from childhood to womanhood, and from happy wifehood to desolate widowhood, all along from happy childhood and dancing feet, to weary years and faltering steps. O, Beloved, believe me, memory is sweet mercy: it has a hand to bring us flowers and wormwood; it has a hand to bring us voices sweet and true and voices jangled like instruments out of tune; it fetches the

voices of the thunderbolt, and the sweet singing of lips long dead but never forgotten. Memory is such a mercy. It is bitter-sweet. Have you seen the bitter-sweet berries in the Autumn or Winter time hang their blood red clusters in the woods? O, you don't need the Autumn woods to find the bitter-sweet, it is hanging in great clusters in your memory,—you can not forget it. How sweet your yesterdays were! How peerless, how youthful, how vigorous, how invigorating, how splendid in audacity, how cruel in lack of conviction of your divine power! Yesterday.

But there is n't any yesterday, it is all TODAY, —do n't you know that? All yesterdays, by the grace of memory, are here and now,—there is n't any past, it is all present. Here and now! Bring all your yesterdays, beckon to them out of the shadows; here they come trooping up, thousands of them, ten thousand,—poor ghostly, withered faces, with gray locks and tattered garments, as if they had been sleeping where "moth and rust doth corrupt;" bring all your yesterdays; here they stand, gray troops, like a resurrected army around their leader. That is memory.

Do n't you remember, you woman, when you first met your lover that came to be your husband?

Who forgets it? I think you must have a senile memory if you do n't remember that. But you remember where you first saw him, with his rugged strength, his sweet courage, his tender smile; and his chin was so strong, and his lips so tender,—and when you looked at the man's chin, you thought, there was might, irrepressible; and when you looked at the man's laughter-laden lips, you thought the god of love had leaned over and kissed him on the mouth! How long ago since you met him? No odds. It is as fresh and sweet and beautiful as if it were last night, is n't it? Surely! Bless God for memory!

Man, do you remember when you first met your wife? She made fun of you, that is what she did. Women are funny, they make fun of a man one month, and love him to death the next month. It is n't all in getting started, understand. But, she made fun of you. She was sitting back in the corner, and you came in, a long, green, gawky thing that did n't know what hands were for, and you picked up her handkerchief, bowing in that excruciating way a young fellow is likely to bow, and she giggled, and you got spunky and liked her. And then you got more spunky and made love to her night after night; and by and by, she said, "I

was just fooling with you. I liked you all the time," she said, "I liked you all the time." O, well, men, we do n't get so gray nor care-worn that we do n't remember those good, sweet yesterdays; they are the associates of today, they are adjacent to now. God's mercy is, we DO remember. Yesterday is not remote from us. And down the long, long, echoing past, there are patterings of feet, and the music of voices, and the calling of your name, and, "Come closer, quick! Come closer, quick!" and it is whose voice? HIS. And in your dreams, you hear it, and in your slumbers' depth; you can hear it waking; you can hear it under the moonlight and star light; you can hear it under the glory of the noon light,— you can hear it: you remember! And so, God makes life a progressive series; He links all our life together by the cords of this one thing, memory. We shall remember days we wish we might forget; and then there are days we pray God in Heaven we might remember forever.

But mark you, we must remember not only the past, but the future. Memory must not turn its back upon tomorrow and stand upon the wreck of today and say, "That is life." Memory must hold the skein of yesterday, and hold the skein of today, and so it is a part of tomorrow. Life has con-

tinuity. Time is divided by calendars and almanacs into months and years and centuries, into lustrum and decade, into thousand and ten thousand years: but God does not measure so; He sees just a ripple on the sea of years, and now we call it time; and time is a ripple on the sea of Eternity,—that is it.

Today is an isthmus,—that is what today is. Today is an isthmus connecting yesterday with tomorrow. As the Isthmus of Panama connects two great continents, the chilly north with the burning tropics, the long winding chain of the Rocky Mountains with the tremendous bulk and altitudes of the Andes, so the isthmus of today connects what I was with what I will be, what I loved with what I shall love, my dead self with my living, potent, tomorrow. You dare affirm you can remember tomorrow,—it is a part of you. Look it in the face. You must. Don't look yonder forever, look YONDER; don't look where the shadow is, look where the shadow will flee; don't look where the heart faints with despair, look where the heart sings with laughter,—look YONDER!

REMEMBER. Remember the laws that govern life; remember the rules that make destiny; remember the credence of character, remember that our yesterdays are its beginning, and our tomorrow its

conclusion; remember God's logic is one,—you can not tear His syllogisms apart; you can not have a major premise and minor premise without the conclusion,—they are linked together like hooked steel whose iron teeth can not be removed except you kill the flesh they settle themselves into. We are to remember that we must remember. Will you underscore that word in your thought? Remember, son, that you must remember. In other words, remember you can not forget. Well, what odds? Great odds. Remember,—you can not forget,—that is the peril, therefore, that is the triumph, therefore. The odds are great, just according. It is a peril if you find your past bad, and it is a glory if you find your past good. Remember, men and women, you can not forget. You can not put away memory like you give away an old hat. If you have a half dozen old hats, you pile them up or hang them around, and forget where you put them; but your wife comes around at house cleaning time, and she will find all of them. She will say to you, "I KNEW you had a hat. I knew you did n't need to buy a new one. I told you so." Well, you can put your old hat away like that. You can put your winter hat off when it comes spring, though I find very few have sense enough to know

when spring comes. Well, now, you can put your old hat off when you do n't want it, or when it loses style, or when some good, gentle 220 pounder sits on it. I would n't wear it much after that, the thing is n't convenient. But people that put their hats around on seats, ought to have them sat on. That is my mind. But you can not put off memory that way. You can burn books; you can not burn memory; you can bar doors; you can not bar the door of memory. King Canute sat himself upon the shore where the tides rolled madly in to show his fulsome and foolish courtiers their delusions and commanded the waves to go back, and the waves dashed up the shore and smote with frothing, muttering wrath at his feet. That is memory. You can not drive it back.

When Xerxes would cross the Hellespont, he scourged the waves of the sea, and said, "Rave no more, rave no more. I am your master:" and he thought them conquered; and they smote with their two angry palms and broke his bridges of boats to fragments, and scattered them in wreckage on the shore; and the sea had its way. That is memory. You can not stop memory. It is like the incoming tide with its laughter, its singing, its caresses, its utter execrations in storm time. We shall call, "Begone!" We shall say, "I will bind you with chains!"

No matter. The tide will swing in at its own sweet will, when it comes time, it will swing out,—no odds to you. That is memory. You can not stop it.

If you have a ghastly memory, you can not thrust it out of doors and say, "No more of this! Have done!" You can thrust a man out, and bar the door; but you can not put memory out of doors: he moves like the shadows; he comes like the light; he will not be put out. Remember, you can not forget. Do n't forget that now.

Somethings before God you would want to remember, and some things, before God, you would care to forget. You would say, "No more of that! No more of that!" Do n't you think Macbeth, King of Scotland, would have liked to have forgotten the bloody tragedy by which he won his crown? And he said, "No more of that! No more of that!"—and laughter was in his eyes, and laughter was on his lips, and murder within his heart, and he could not forget. Do n't forget that, man. You can not forget,—God wont let you. The coming of your yesterdays is like the tramp of a conquering army, and they will walk into your heart and stay there. You can not send them off.

King Lear would have been glad if he might have forgotten that on the day he abdicated his

throne, he cursed Cordelia and sent her from him. And she was all he had! And he could not forget it! In his madness, he remembered it; in his death, he muttered it. You can not forget.

In other words, life is such a thing as is putting up on the shelves of your soul, things you are going to use tomorrow. You WILL use them, never fear. Be sure of that. You will use them. You can not help it. What you put on the shelves of your life, you will have to use tomorrow. You will be like the ants laying up their stores in the summer time for use in winter time. I warn you, men and women, and I warn my own heart as well, that what we are putting up on the shelves of life, we will have to have tomorrow. If they are covered with blood, our hands will be covered also; if they are moth eaten and scarred with time, we shall have an outpour of the dust of years, but, take them down, we MUST.

Your turpitude, your shame, your disloyalty, your infamies, your disregard of the holy amenities, your lack of high oulture with regard to the things of God, your recklessness with regard to character, your misuse of divine things,—you must use them, you can not forget them. Would God, you might, but you can not. A thousand yesterdays ago, you

did a bad thing. Do you remember it? Yes. And a thousand tomorrows from tonight, you will remember it,—Oh, you can not forget it! What ails you, man? Do n't you know you can not forget, you HAVE to remember. Remember, God Himself can not forget, though He can forgive.

In one of those strange, rhapsodical movements of mind for which Hawthorne was so marked and memorable, he wrote "Mosses from an Old Manse," which I take to be still one of the greatest books ever written; and if you read this book you will light on a story there. You will find it is a story of a conflagration in which the world brought all it had of titles of dignitaries and ancestors, genealogies, statistics, policies, diplomas, literatures whether written by poets or preachers or sages or philosophers or what not, brought them all, and flung them on the same heap; and the things burned to dull embers, and then died to ashes, and then the wind puffed them away; and some of the things would not burn! Have a care! Memory wont fail you. Some of these days, you will pray to God, "Let me forget! Let me forget!" and you CAN NOT.

I am not talking at random. There are young men and women here beginning life,—let me pray you, as one that regards your future and the sobriety

of your experience, do n't forget that you can not forget. Or, putting it in the positive regard, remember that you must remember.

O, some things, some things are so beautiful to remember. Joseph Parker is the greatest living preacher; for a multitude of years his preaching in Holborn Viaduct has fired London. That man is of huge, strenuous frame and spirit. If you should read in his biography, you would find this; that when his wife went from him, he said, "I am suddenly become old,--I am suddenly become old! Yesterday, I was of age, today, I am aged,"—and he remembered her. How sweet to have a holy memory in the heart.

Thomas Carlyle remembered Jane Carlyle; and while I take no ground with regard to the festivities these two used to have with Jane's scoldings and Thomas's counter remarkings which were invidious,—I am not arguing which was to blame, or whether either was to blame, I am simply saying that when Jane died, then Thomas went walking up and down Chelsea,—and you might have found an old, stooped, rugged-browed, white-locked man, mumbling to himself and wringing his hands together, and talking in his Scotch brogue, "Oh, would God she were with me. Bring her back. Oh,

would God she were with me,—bring her back. Oh, would God! she were with me. Bring her back!"—and nobody could, but God, and God would not. If you have a beautiful memory, Beloved, O, cherish it.

Did you ever think of Benedict Arnold in his old age setting out to count over what he possessed? I don't say he wanted to do it, I don't say he didn't want to, I say he HAD to; that is odds different. You think you are going to do all you want to all the days of your life? Poor fool! Don't you know you have got to do some thing? This man was counting over what he had: he had a tainted memory, a blasted repute, a shamed name; his family was polluted because of him! he had disregard in England, and curses in America: and there he sat and told over his possessions; and everything he touched blistered him like a living coal, and he could not put it down; he wanted to, but he could not. That is memory.

Sometimes I think of Mrs. General Grant. The other day a lady mentioned her to me and that brought back a memory. There was a good woman and true; what she was, she is,—one of those sweet, wholesome femininities America can produce; and with no derogation to any other country, there is n't any clime nor continent nor island which can pro-

duce womanhood more chastely sweet, than America, —and there that woman is; and tonight, you be sure, when that woman puts her hands together and makes her prayer, God will waft back to her, like the fragrance of unforgotten and unforgettable summer, yesterdays imperishable as the stars, and made to be jewels in the casket of her heart. She will see the soldier she loved. She will remember the enfolding of his arms and the kisses he brought her when peace was come; she will remember how she went around the world with him, and he was still the unimpeachable, manly, modest citizen; she will remember how the man loved her, looked out for her, prayed for her, remembered her in life, and in death turned his dim eyes her way and said, "Are you there?" She remembers, tonight. Is n't it a goodly memory? O, Beloved, if you have good memories, thank God for them and multiply them; multiply them; increase them a thousand fold; make it your business to water the roots of the tree of good deeds so that your life shall bear fruit, so that with two hands you can pluck it; and before God, be thankful that you have a chance to become fruitful. You can not forget,—that is the word I utter.

Remember that evil is very certain, and very prevalent. Will you hear me? Evil has more seeds

to scatter than Maple trees have; and last week, the Maple trees loosened their two hands and swung their seeds to every wind and said, "Sow them." Evil sows more seeds than dandelions do. When the wind comes and catches the Dandelions' white crests, it will sow dandelion fields to golden crops next spring time.

Sometimes I have found people who did not like to have cherries on their place because they were such everlasting "spreaders;" they sprout until there are dozens and twenties and hundreds: and sometimes my father would send me out to dig them up which I did with a great deal of delight,—Uh, a great deal of delight. Evil sprouts more readily, and holds more tenaciously, than any cherry sprouts that ever gathered in your father's orchard.

I have n't time to argue, and not much inclination, but I do say a word of suggestion I think to be necessary, to this effect: do n't you laugh at evil! Do n't you do it! Do n't you deal with it as if it were a trick of a theological phrase. Sometime ago, somebody asked me if I believed in the Devil, and looked at me and laughed. Well, I am no fool. I told him I did. You think I have lived this long, and did n't know there was a Devil? How would there be so many children if there was no father?

You tell me that. People go around with their smartness and lucidity of folly, and say, "But the Devil is an exploded theory,"—I tell you, wickedness is no myth. There are deviltries enough in Indianapolis or Chicago or New York, or in Minneapolis there are deviltries enough to fill Hell,—and then you say, "Mr. Quayle, do you believe in the Devil? Why, you goose, of course I do!—you female goose. If there is a goose that is worse than a man goose, it is a woman goose.

Now, listen to me! Don't think you can abolish drastic wickednesses by laughing at them,—you can not do it. I am no friend to the Devil, my chief business is to antagonize him; I would not belong to his fraternity, but when you talk about evil as if there were no evil,—when you carry on your ghastly jests, you are dealing in witticisms that God won't laugh at, there is n't any fun in that. Why should n't there be a devil? Is n't there a power for righteousness, called, God? Is n't there an organized power for evil? May n't there be a head of the organized forces of evil? O, do n't talk to me about evil, I am sick of evil! I see it on the left hand, and on the right hand; I go away down in its deep slime and horrid smells,—I know what evil is. If you want to find out if evil is very sure, and the devil

sure, read the wrong book; and then come and tell me, as likely you will, "O, it is all imagination."

I will tell you a thing that occurred not a thousand years ago, nor a thousand miles from here: a man murdered another and was sentenced to be hanged; and a minister saw the man and tried to bring the man from his state of wickedness over to goodness, and he said that the man, every day, even on the morning he was to be hanged, LIED; every word was a lie, and every breath a curse,—and then you say, "O, no, Mr. Quayle, evil is just a myth." Don't be a fool,—unless you are a born fool, don't! If you are a born fool, you are n't responsible.

You have got to reckon with evil,—you have got to deal with it; it will sound its voice like the clamors of a drunken Hussar,—you have got to deal with it. I tell this congregation that the doctrine of hell is far from being effete, and the devil far from being dead. Evil is here: and so long as evil is here with its poluted breath, its salaciously pursed lips, with its lecherous glances, its hellish attitudes, with its utter diabolism,—so long as evil is here, I charge you to bear witness to your own life, it may be God has a place where evil hath chains put on its feet and wrists,—and I pray God, He has. I affirm, God is going to give righteousness a chance somewhere; it

has n't had a good chance here! Remember that evil is very sure.

I was reading last week,—every eight or ten years, I read a book, and this last week, I was reading a book of a very wise theologian,—you know him, so I wont say who he was,—and he was laughing at the notion of the Fall. He said that was "nonsense." He did n't come right out and say it, he went all the way round, took two pages to say what he could have said in much less space. He said that every fall was a "fall up." It is funny if every fall is a "fall up," how some people fall so low. Does n't that strike you as being a little curious? He said that we came from animals and that every leap of our life was toward righteousness. Rajah was here,—he was n't a nice cat, he was a cat you could n't worry, and a fine, big one he was. He was n't a nice cat, but nobody accused him of being irreligious, nobody said he was wicked: but you take a man with the capacity for blood, and the ability to slaughter that Rajah had, and you would say, "He was a devil,"—and the common sense of humanity knows the difference between a brute and a man. A brute has no moral possibilities no moral comprehension; man has,—therefore, he is subject to moral rules; he belongs to the ethical code of the

Almighty God. Remember evil is very regnant, very apparent, very terrible. Men and women, be it far from you to deal frivolously with the awful evils in life. Do n't deal trivially with evil.

Evil is so awful, so shameless as that when I look at it, all the laughter dies from my heart, and all the gladness dims out of my eyes, and it gets to be twilight and midnight. Evil is so rampant and long armed, and ready for its spring; evil is so terrible with its horrid claw and its hellish heart! I would n't deal lightly with anything so frightful. There may be future retribution,—have a care! Do n't laugh at it! God knows it is so terrible, that to any sane heart, it brings peril.

Remember this, again; that the quick is just under the finger nail. Does that seem trivial to you? It is not. Did you ever tear your finger nail off? What a time you had to get another one on! It was no jest, was it? You have a quick right under your finger nail; it is n't an eighth of an inch deep,—you have it, have you? Listen to me! Other people have a quick just as close to the surface as yours. Remember that. You do n't want a fellow coming around with a sharp ax hacking at your fingers, do you? Well, do n't you go hacking at other people's fingers You are sensitive. That is what YOU

are. You say, "I am sensitive." Remember other people are sensi-TIVE! I have known some people who were so nervous, you could n't whisper out in the garden without jarring their ears. Have you seen people like that? Very well, very well, quite true. Remember, there are very many nervous folks besides yourself. You do not like inuendoes nor slurs nor casting of the eye in a curious way, nor pursing out of the lip, nor saying, "O, yes, he is all right, but,"—yes, you do n't like that, do you? Remember that your finger nail has a quick right under it, and that other folks have quick and finger nail in equal adjacency as yours. Remember! Remember!

Remember that GOD is the big word of history. You thought I would say, Theology? I do n't. Remember GOD is the big word of history. What is Babylon trying to say? What is Nineveh trying to say? What is the Medo-Persian Empire saying? What is dead Egypt trying to say? The Obelisk, the Pyramids, the Sphinx,—what are they trying to say? What is the battered Parthenon trying to say? What is the ruined Acropolis telling? What is the Colosseum saying? What is the mighty Pantheon upon one of the Seven Hills, saying? They are all saying, with clamorous chorus like the beat-

ing of cymbals when the storm is on, they are saying, "GOD." Now what history is talking about, don't you be oblivious to.

It is likewise the big word of life. God is the big word, and Christianity is his shadow. Christianity is God's shadow. Where he goes, He will fling His shadow; and even His shadow is light. God is so great, engrossing, encompassing a word, He fills Heaven and earth. "God is the name my soul adores," say that, my soul, say that. God,—that is the big word in the Decalogue; that is the big word in the Old Testament; that is the big word in the New Testament; that is the big word in Science rightly understood; that is the big word in legislation rightly comprehended; that is the big word in universal experience; that is the great word in conscience; that is the great word in dreams and tragedies; that is the big word in goodness. Now, anybody who is oblivious to the fact that God is in the universe, and in the world to stay,—has forgotten something he ought to have remembered above all things in the world. It is strange how long we live in the world, how slow we be. When the World's Fair was at Chicago, the World's Fair managers violated a plain business compact with the Government, and opened their show on the Sabbath

Day though they had agreed with the Government that they would not. So preparatory to the coming Fair at St. Louis, the Government bound the managers down with iron bands because they found that business men may have no business conscience. They tied them down and said, we will give a million dollars on condition of your keeping the Fair closed on the Sabbath Day. Chicago could have told anybody. "No more treading down the common moral sentiment of American citizenship which is Christian and in favor of God's Day." It is poor business,—I am not talking about morality, —I say, it is poor BUSINESS. At Buffalo, because they could get a little gain if Sabbath trains spilled their crowds into their grounds with their Sabbath desecration, the managers are flying in the face of millions and millions of Christian people. It is very foolish. It is not a good business venture. The people who get on best in business are those that find business a partnership between man and God. Nations do not prosper that violate their code of honor with God. I would rather be doing a very little business and in partnership with the very big God, than doing a very big business and be in partnership with a very little devil. I would rather be so poverty smitten that my coat was shiny, and the

seams were frayed deep, and the buttons glazed; I would rather be so as that people would look at me askance and say, "He will fail pretty soon, his business will go into the hands of the receiver;" I would rather be that way and have my business go into the hands of the great Receiver whose name is God, than live in affluence and die in riches and plenty, and have my memory go into the hands of the Receiver that is called "The Judge of all the Earth," and he would crack my repute in His hand as if it were an egg shell, and scatter the poor bits on the pavement of the Judgment Seat and say, "His name is naught."

Now, God is the big word in history, and Christianity is His shadow; and life's big business is to walk with God. You think that is a side issue? It is not. It is the main thoroughfare. Now, Religion is, living in the presence of God.

Did you ever read of the samphire gatherers? Do you know what samphires are? Well, you may read it in the book,—and the story is this: that often times women gather samphires on the long, rugged declivities of the sea rocks, for the samphire vines grow in the crevices that lean out over the sea on the rocky ledges. And often times, you will find a woman at perilous heights, swinging by a rope at

the belt, clinging with fingers in the niches of the rock, where a slight slip would mean death; and she is gathering samphires,—not for lust of gain, but because she has little children that must be fed. And down, far below, so far below, she can scarce see the place where the little cottage is, there are little children; and she is far on the rocks, going where the sea mists have made them slippery, and where the sea grasses are slanting toward the sea, and clinging against the rock, where the vines gather and make purple tracks as they make their way along the rock. She is gathering samphires, but she always sees the children,—whether the cottage be in sight or out of sight, whether the children be in doors or out of doors,—she sees the children, and she is gathering samphires for utter love of them. Beloved, that is a parable of goodness in Christian folks,—they are always doing, and they are always seeing God. As the samphire gatherer sees her children always in her perilous duties and toil, so people who love God always see Him. When they make their prayer, they see Him; when they do their washings of Mondays, they see Him; when they do their work of charity, they see Him; when they train their little children and teach them how to pray, they see Him; when they go to their work,

and toil from dawn to dark, they see Him; when they stumble, blindly groping, so they can not see at all, down toward the troubled waters men call "Death," they see HIM.

REMEMBER, God is the big word in history and in humanity and in life, and religion is, doing what you do as seeing Him who filleth all in all.

VIII.

DAVID JESSE.

PRAYER.

OUR Heavenly Father, when we begin to pray, then we all begin to feel as if we were at home: however strange the congregation was to us before we began, it begins to be fraternal when we essay to pray. We are like little children that have come home after long absence; we know every room, we know what door to open, we know what faces to expect, we know what lips shall kiss us, we know what hand shall grasp our own,—O, God, we thank Thee that when we begin to pray, WE ARE COME HOME. Some of us have been off on a long journey; some of us have been away from our Father's house for many years,—O, God, help us this morning that our lips may learn the language of prayer.

God is our Father; the common Christ is our Savior; the common Holy Spirit is our Sanctifier: here we are at home in Thy presence,—we are all brothers, all sisters, all lovers of one another and of God; all chaste in spirit, with holy subduedness of affection and regard. O, gracious Christ, make us to feel the brothers and sisters that we are. Our life is altogether too short for any bickerings or backslidings; too dignified for any wavering of affection or sense; our life is altogether too spiritual for the intervention of unholy moods of sense or sensuality. O, God, as we are bowed about Thy altar, make us to feel Thou art our Father ON EARTH as well as "Our Father

which art in Heaven." Make this moment sublime to us; make this moment very pitiful to us; make this moment very gracious to us; make this moment very inspiring to us also; because, when we begin to look God in the face and talk with him, it is sublime; it is pitiful, it is subdued and tender, it is gracious, unspeakably.

O, our Heavenly Master, we pray that Thy wings which overshadowed the world of old, may overshadow us this morning; and brood Thou on our spirit, and woo us to devotion, and let us know our prayers may rise to summits, because we love Thee, and because our hope lifts up its face and voice to Thee, and because we wait for Thee: O, revive our broken life once more, because we love Thee.

We are here in God's house: and may it be as when an earthly father comes home from a long travel, and he gathers his little children, four or five of them, together on his knees and in his arms, and hugs them all at once,—so may we all be taken into the dear arms, so may we all be taken into the dear arms and sweet compassion of God: let everybody feel he is remembered: let us all know that God is calling us by name,—and His voice is sweet and tender, and very gracious.

O, Lord, in our discouragement, speak to us; in our encouragement speak to us; in our loneliness, speak to us; in our companionships, speak to us; in our culture, speak to us; in our ignorance, speak to us; in our gracelessness, speak to us; in our graciousness, speak to us: O, let us know, that every mood of our life, God may walk inside of it, as He would walk into the open door of an open house.

God, bless us with Thy presence this morning; God do more,—bless us with a SENSE of Thy presence; help us all according to Thy mercy. Thou hast not failed us yet.

The lilies of the valley are in bloom; the sweet williams are in bloom; the lilacs are in bloom; the fields are

fair, the leaves are green; the grass grows bewilderingly bright when smitten by the sunlight; the streams are running gladsome; the birds are singing everywhere; this is God's Spring-time on the earth: O, Blessed Master, bring all Thy flowers and perfumes and bird-songs and laughters and delights, and growths into our life, and may it be Springtime in our spirits.

Great God, we love Thee, and we worship Thee: great Christ, we run to Thee, and catch Thy hand and kiss it; great Holy Spirit, we call upon Thee in our prayer, help Thou our unbelief: out of this morning service, bring encouragement, fruitful lives for goodness, holiness of attitude, and strenuous endeavor to do God's will. Help us to be good,—we do n't know how, but Thou dost bear us witness, we want to do Thy will,—help us to do it today, and tomorrow, and the day after. May we "walk in the light as God is in the light, and have fellowship one with another." May there be no servitude of spirit, no evil thinking,—much less doing; but may there be beautiful lives, and love and grace and peace through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Make every body at home this morning, however strange; make every lonely heart to have companionship; make every broken man and woman fallen under the lash of life, to feel this morning, princeliness and holiness in heart. May we all together with common voice, and with common life and with common eagerness, run into God's arms, and feel the pressure of His arms about us, and feel WE HAVE GOTTEN HOME,—we ask in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE text of the morning is the 23rd Psalm. I shall read it,—not because you are not familiar with it, but because it is the very ecstasy of music.

As often happens, the son knew less than the father. On general theory, you could always justify the conclusion that a father's son would know more than the son's father. He has had better chances, more of them, longer days. The days are getting longer all the time. The nights are getting shorter. I am not speaking according to calendars. I am not familiar with the almanac. I don't keep almanacs because I get too hot when it is summer according to them, and too cold when it is winter. I prefer to take the palatable course through the year by being unfamiliar with the dates. I commend the procedure. But I am saying there is more daylight every day the world lives, and there is less darkness. Every day now, according to rigid computation, is 448 hours long. They used to be twelve hours or less. The days are growing incredibly in length: and because there is more daylight, there is more opportunity. You can see to read longer. The brain is getting bigger. Eye glasses are getting cheaper. Every appurtenance of information, there-

fore, comes to the hand of the son of his father, and, on theory, I say you could justify the conclusion that every son would be wiser than his father. But many a time, logic is broken in the midst, and the father monopolizes all the genius of the family.

Solomon thinks life is a failure. David thinks life is a success. Solomon had everything to his hand. David had n't anything: he even had to whittle out his shepherd's crook to pull his sheep from out the mire and ditch. The man who had everything his way, and to his hand, whines his way through life, and growls his way into his grave: and the man who had nothing his way, sings his way through life, and sings a song which is broken in the midst by the touch of the finger of Death.

Now I think David's career more varied and wonderful than the career of Ulysses. I read this week, once more, the Odyssey, to refresh my memory; to catch anew the fragrance of the sea; to hear once more the billows and boom of the waters breaking on the rocks at night invisible: I read the Odyssey once more to see how much "the untiring man" could teach me,—to get a recapitulation of his virtues, to see his fight. Why that man, Ulysses, his sleeves were rolled clean to the shoulders, his hands were black as if he had been begotten not in Ithaca,

but in Ethopia; and for ten years he waxed mighty against Troy and slew it; and after those ten years, he fought other ten upon the great briny waters and slew them. It is an accruement of heroisms. The sea and the war, the tumult of the sky and the battle of the land, shook around him as if he had been a storm beaten island coast. And after the storms are silenced, and the tempests have fled and ceased their raging across the thundering deeps of the great sea, after all the waters are quieted and lie tossing a little like a sleeping child moaning in his sleep, then Ulysses stands puissant, terrible, supreme. It will do most anybody good to read his life; but I tell you, it will do you more good to read David's life. A ruddy-faced, golden-haired lad, with springing step, and with eager eyes; with laughter accumulating in his heart enough to last him all the future if he never accumulated another smile; with step that ran and never ceased running; with hand as eager as ever hand of love aspired to be; with a shepherd's crook and a shepherd's flock; and a harp hung on his left arm to keep it nigh the hand that had the music in it, —that is young David. And he is a younger son. There is not much of anything possible for him: his brothers despise him and his mother loves him, and kisses him betimes when he comes in tired from the

folding of the sheep at night. And then he falls asleep and dreams ecstasies, and wakens in the morning and goes with his flocks, and sings the songs of the morning, and breaks the dew-drops from the meadow grasses with the hurrying of his feet; there he is, out on the long hill, out on the crest of the hill reaching toward the dome of the blue sky, out on the leaning hillside stretching toward the sunset, --that is David. And by and by he goes and takes bread to his brothers, and they despise him; and by and by he looks the giant in the face and laughs at him, and the giant is angered; and by and by he puts on the king's armor and jangles about in it, and tosses it off, and goes out in the field and slays Israel's adversary: and goes back to his flocks, and again sings once more, with his harp in his hand, and his fingers smite on the wondrous strings that call aloud so that the sheep listen to him at noon time and follow him at night.

Only a flock, and it is not his; only a shepherd's crook, and he does not possess it; only a harp, and it belongs to his father Jesse: nothing, only life,—that is enough; only the blue sky, that is a plenty; only the great God, that is sufficient. He had himself and the open space and God beyond it; and that is enough for anybody's life.

And he had to fight. Javelins were hurled at him; conspiracies waxed strong against him; a thousand foes bared their blades and ran at him like knights in a tournament, full speed. A thousand calamities? Yes. Multitudes of disasters? Yes. Broken purposes? Yes. Watch where he went, and you will find it is like the debris that follows an army swollen with catastrophe and broken with disaster. O, but he is singing! O, but he is writing psalms! O, but when his heart is breaking, he catches his old harp, and the strings of it are black with the touches of his fingers, and he sings on it, so that this morning we have listened to its cadences, and he said, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters,"—O, life is music, that is what he thought, and that is what he said.

This Psalm was written after David's battles were ceased; after all his enemies had been marshalled against him; after every enemy had been malignant against him. Young lads don't sing of what they are doing, but what they THINK THEY WILL DO, don't you know that? The lad tending flocks would not think about flocks; he would sing about armies and princehoods and statescraft

and kingships; and then when a man gets to be a king, then he sings about flocks and shepherds' crooks and purling brooks and green meadows and wandering winds.

The farmer's boy does n't think very much about how fine the hay smells. So he gets the hay tossed off his pitch fork, he does n't give a flip how it smells. When you are a farmer's lad, you do n't think about singing birds, and fairy nights and "how sweet the moonlight sleeps upon yon bank," you are asleep yourself before the moonlight gets a chance at the night, and you do n't think, much less talk about it.

In our childhood, when life is before us, and we are knee deep in clover, we do n't catch the clover heads and swing them to and fro and catch the incense of their gracious perfume; and we do n't care to count the ripples on the stream, nor the shadows in the water; we do n't see how the green bank leans to where the water flows, nor how the shadows of the tree-tops lean to kiss the flow,—we do n't see them, leastwise we do n't think of them if we see them. A boy dreams about soldiers and statesmen and poets and business men; he deals with the great unknown quantities, and never a one of them is the thing he prizes after. You get to be a statesman, and you

get so tired of the throng, and the noise of the company, and the multitudes of letters that have to be dictated, and the fine address and finesse that must be used,—you grow so weary, you lean your head upon your hands, and you see green cornfields in which you used to plow, and you say, "What an easy job I had!" And you see the hay you used to pitch in the Autumn time, and you wish to goodness you had hold of the handle of the pitch fork and did n't have anything harder to do than that. Now, you have to pitch a thousand politicians in a week.

O, we begin, when we get to be men, we begin to think about when we used to be lads; we begin to think about the other days and yesterdays. How sweet the green wood looks, does n't it? How sweet the green sward is, is n't it? How sweet the dew drops on the morning meadows. How sweet it used to be when you were a lad and early in the morning went riding through the cool shadows of the wood on your father's horse looking for your father's cow, —you did n't find the cow, but,—you found the horse. Was n't it fun? How jubilant you were; how topsy turvy life was,—you could stand on your head or on your feet with equal impunity and equanimity. How long ago was it? I tell you, honestly, you think about it, do n't you, a good deal? When

you used to be a lad, you thought may be you would get to be a speaker and people would come to listen to you. (The doors would be locked and they could n't get out, and would stay till you are through.) You thought you might be a speaker, and people would come when you spoke. And after while, when you became a speaker, and people came to listen to you, then, sometimes, your life was so tired, and your heart so heavy, and your courage so broken, and your hopes so drooping like flowers withered in the hot winds in summer; and then, you thought of the green hills, and the nodding of the green fields' plumes. I tell you, we think about youth a good deal, because we are always fronting it, always going toward it. Afterwhile, we will be young forever. It is a good thing not to be in love with old age too much, because some of these good days, you will sleep over night, and in the morning when you wake up, your gray beard will be golden as in youth, and your black locks, they will be with you once more: not a thread of silver in your hair; not a dusty patch upon your garment; not a bit of weariness in your step, nor ambling in your gait; no stooping of the shoulders,—only youth, celestial, eternal, glorious! We are going toward it.

And when David gets to be old, he talks about LIFE. I appeal to you,—this Psalm sounds pretty good! It sounds pretty good to hear an old man give a good report of life. I want you to remember, this Psalm has n't a disgruntled tone in it. I want you to remember, David was not sour: he is as sweet as honeysuckle's breath. He is as sweet as perfume puffed from the incense basins of the lilacs when the Spring is fresh. David has no ill report to bring of the world. He has been in it a long time; he is scarred with it, but not soured with it.

I want you to notice some things about David's life. He says life is to be summed up in poetry. Life is a poem,—is that right, David? O, David, you are so stooped and weary! Did you used to be straight? Did your slow steps use to run? Did that shriveled arm that trembles when you hold your hand out to catch the scepter, did that arm and hand use to be so strong you could grasp Goliath's sword and hold it straight out and it never quivered? David, with your old, stooped head, with your long gray beard, with your hair silvered,—only a thread of the old ruddy tint in it, David, what about it? And he says, "Life is a poem." I would n't have thought it; I thought life was prose; I thought life was a hard,

mathematical problem calculated to make you stumble as you go along,—I thought it was that; but David says, "Life is a poem."

Did you ever know so much put into so little as this? Never once! Honestly, did you? ALL of life is here, nothing is left out,—its sobs, its laughter, its enemies; its quietness is here; its respite is here; its hope is here; its dream is here; its hereafter is here,—where did you find so much in so little? Why, it is an amazing thing how much landscape you can see through a little window. I saw a girl on the train the other day, take out a pocket glass, and she seemed to examine her face from every sort of side, and she looked this way and that way, and I felt like saying, "Sis, you are through: you have seen all: I would n't want to see so much,"—but I did n't say a thing. I sat there as if I were reading the Testament. Just a little bit of window, and you can see a great landscape, sometimes fair, and sometimes unbeautiful. Just a little bit of a window and the whole sky or half, comes into the window.

I have stood on the heights of Quebec looking on the far coast and the mountains, and have seen four ranges of mountains, one behind the other like the

march of some army. Here is one who looked through one little window and saw the earth, and he says the earth is poetry. I will tell you this: you can not get very far along in life until you strike into the measure of poetry. What tune is the army marching to? O, the tune is "Marching through Georgia," and they are WALKING MUSIC. You can not get people to pray long until their prayer is poetry; and God hires an angel by the day to write down what people say when they pray, because it is dripping with tears sometimes, and sometimes with blood,—but you can not pray long without praying poetry; you can not love long without loving poetry; you can not suffer much nobly without growing strong and making life a poem; you can not do a good turn for anybody, you can not do a good turn for yourself, without somehow lifting your life into the swing and music and grace of poetry,—you can not do it. Life is not a legal code, life is not a law book, life is not a news paper column, life is not a column of figures; life,—what is it? O, it is the biggest poem that was ever set to words. God is the great poet in life; and a man's life, a woman's life, is the biggest, sweetest poem He ever wrote.

"Paradise Lost" is the poem that catches all the

disasters and lonelinesses of the lost Puritan cause; Dante's Paradiso is the poem that catches up all the long, wearied marchings and counter-marchings and heart-achings and heart-breaks of a great life's history.

Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" seems to be the Rebellion; it brings every soldier, every drum, every cannon booming across the waste of mountain, land, or sea; it has every star and stripe lifted toward the sky; all of it is there; read that poem and you have all the Rebellion,—all its mutations, all its marches, all its tremendous onslaught, all its colossal victory.

It does n't take a very big picture to catch all the items of the landscape of a life: and David says here that life is a poem: Did n't you know that? Did n't you know that? Life is a poem,—life has losses and carnage and struggle, but they are poetry, also. Sometimes people complain at work. I would rather complain at sleep. Sleep is a getting off of the office chair to rest your legs a little,—that is all. And then we climb up on the chair again and go to work. Work is good for us; we are made for it; it does us good; it loves us and we ought to love it. I would rather complain at slumber than effort. Your work makes something of you. Weak livered, weak muscled, weak nerved people that never work,

—the whistle of the wind makes them weary, the clamor of the horses' feet upon the street makes them tired. Life is work and struggle and crush and furious besetment, but those things are all poetry. Did you ever read Browning's "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix?" The tumult of leaping steeds is there; their hoofs smite fire from the pavement as they run. Life is a huge race to a goal fetching comfort,—life is a poem.

If you will read this Psalm again, you will find out that life is a romance. What is Romance? What girls dream about. What is Romance? What a fellow thinks about when he is in love, before marriage or after. What is Romance? O, it is bottled sunshine poured out. What is Romance? O, it is something that irons the creases out of your care with never a lacerating blow in the process. What is Romance? It is seeing life in God's perspectives; will all the fierce, marauding fury of the breath of tempests, all the storms of sand on desert's waste, all glorified by standing above them and looking at them afar: that, that is romance. Have you never had the romance of a big life? Why have you not mastered your lesson? Did you never go to school? Did you never have your heart for school master? Did you never fall in love with anybody more than

yourself? That is what everybody does if he lives life at all. Your life is not so prosaic as you think. Did you never have a rainy day? Have n't you got an empty chair at your table,—Longfellow told about it. Did you never stand on the bridge at midnight? He "stood on the bridge at midnight when the clocks were striking the hour." Did you never weep for friends who would come no more, and you stood and heard nothing but, "Break, break, break," and "Oh for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still!" Did you never lean and look over Autumn woodland or field, and feel that life had fallen into "the sere and yellow leaf?" Life is a romance, be sure of that. Your life is not as uneventful as you think. You have had happy hours and glorious day-dawns. I defy any man to get in love with a good woman, and not find life wonderful as spring-time. I defy any woman to fall in love and not find life transfigured. I defy any man or woman to take his baby in his arms and look in its face, and not find life bewilderingly fair. Did you ever hear your children in the morning, tuning up on the piano and singing? The piano is always out of tune,—leastwise it never agrees with the voice of the children, and they play all tunes at once, and sing no tune in time,—did you ever sit in the

other room, and hear that, and not have life put on new music? Why, the sweetest voice that ever sang was not so sweet as this.

Then this Psalm says life is JOY. Don't be dyspeptic, David never was,—at least if he was, he never told it, which is something on toward the same thing. If people would just keep quiet about what is the matter with them, they would do the community a favor; we would not know they had anything the matter with them; they might suffer, but we would not know it. There is a good deal to that —now, honestly, a good deal to that. Make life joyful. This man did, and he had more troubles than we have had: but as I tell you, he kept his harp nigh him, and when his troubles got the upper hand of him, he prayed, and set his prayer to music. There is n't any music for the heart like prayer, and there is n't any poetry that sets to music like the prayer wrung from your broken life. JOY!

Now when you look over this man's geography of life, there are certain things you will find out about it. His life has a sort of triumphant movement in it. This man had many difficulties, but you don't find him exhibiting them, except it may be as soldiers talk of battles. Did you ever hear soldiers talking about the war? If you did n't, go and have

an old fellow tell you how many times he was wounded, and how he used to march, and the battles he won,—it will do you good. It may do him good, but I tell you, it will not do you any harm. Do you think he will make much of his disasters? No. Do you think he will pronounce a requiem to you? No. What will he do? O, he will say, "Those were great days, great days." How many years were you in the service? "Three years and a half," he says with a touch of pride such as he ought to exhibit; for any man who bore his country's colors and fought for them, has a right to lordly pride; and he has the courage and the history that together conspire to make a big poem. He wont make much of hard times, only to set off the victories, and the home-comings and the joys. "O," he says, "it was worth it." I know an old soldier,—he has never learned what spelling was made for, never. He never has learned what grammar was constructed for. He has never learned a good many things you and I would think go into the curriculum of an ordinary well-balanced life. He can lie like a fish can drink water. I don't know where he learned it. He can tell more impossible yarns than I ever heard from anybody but a natural-born Ike Walton fisherman. And the other day, I saw him again,

and looked at him, and I think he and soap had n't met since I had seen him before,—a poor, scrawny looking bit of flesh and dirt in equal proportions,—but that old fellow came out of Libby Prison, white as a bit of linen whitened on the fields; thin as a bit of hay to be blown across the meadow when the storm was on,—and that old fellow, with his strange looks, and curious ways, and ambling speech, and disastrously convoluted grammar, and with his exceeding imaginativeness of narrative,—I have heard him tell about the battle and the storm, and the bullets and the wounded, until I have wept and gone out in the dark to let my tears have a chance to wash the dust away from my eyes. TRIUMPH! That is what the old fellow talks about. David says, Life is a TRIUMPH. Hear me! Do n't you listen to people that say life is not worth your trying, you can not win your way; do n't you believe it. Thank God it is an unholy lie. Triumph! Triumph! In the thick of the fight, Triumph! In the shock of battles, Triumph! Into the tomb, Triumph! Into the resurrection, Triumph! Into the Kingdom of God, Triumph! It hoists its standard, and marches with bugle notes, Triumph forever! Then if you will read this story, you will find out that life is WORK and plenty of it. Do n't snarl about work, be engaged with it. Work, and plenty of it.

You will find out that there are enemies. What ought a person to do if he has enemies? Well, I declare, I do n't quite know; but I will tell you something nice; I think the best thing to do if you have enemies (and probably you will have them if you stay in your place, and say your say, and do your work however consistently, you will have enemies), the best thing to do is not to dwell on them: do n't underscore them. Some people underscore all the mean words,—a letter sounds a good deal according to the underscoring, and not what is said in it. I have read letters, and thought if the underscoring were changed, how it would change the letter; you would n't have to change a single letter nor a word, but just the underscoring. Supposing a letter from somebody said: "I love (love underscored) you so (so underscored four times) much." That is one way; and then if another girl gets a hold of it she writes, "I love you so much," "YOU" underscored sixteen times. Now she need not tell you she LOVES you, we know that well enough, but the trick is, HOW DOES SHE DIRECT HER AFFECTIONS? and when she underscores YOU, your heart trips. There is a good deal of difference in the underscoring. Do n't you underscore your enemies too much; they will underscore themselves; do n't worry about them; try not to think of them:

if you have enemies, and likely you have, as everybody is liable to have, do n't think very much about them. You can train yourself to think about enmities and enemies, and you can train yourself not to think about them, and you can sour life one way, and you can sweeten life the other way. It is better to drink life's milk than to let it sour with thunder showers.

Pay a good deal of attention to the friendships of life: cultivate the happinesses and joys and holidays and noble affections in life,—do that, O, do that. This man had enemies, but he got on well with them. There is a great philosophy in dealing even with enemies: do n't imbrue your hands in their blood, do n't try dynamite on them, but keep sweet in spite of them.

David said he had God's leadership. That is the kind of a captain life needs to have, and if it has it, things go pretty well. Did you men sit up nights to know how the great Grant was going to move? Did you sit up nights trying to figure out how great the commander was? You did not. No. You followed orders, that is all. Well, God is our Captain, —"The Lord is my shepherd,"—I am well led; He goes through darkness the same as through light; he goes through night and never cares for the storm-

cloud. He goes ahead of me; and there He is and I can hear His voice, and he is saying, "This way, this way, this way:" and if the thunders jangle their angry cymbals by my ear, I can hear Him saying through it all, "This way; never despair; this way:" and if the night is dark and I can not see Him, I can hear Him say, "This way, this way." "The Lord is my shepherd,"—when I am distressed, He shepherds me; in the midst of temptations, He shepherds me; He leads me in my loneliness and in my sorrow; He leads me in my calamity and in my triumph; He leads me in my equipment and in my effort,—in my study, and in my toil, and in my achievement. He shepherds me. O, Beloved, why should n't life be triumphant and singing? Why should n't life have hilarity?

Then you will find out from this Psalm that life is a healthy process. It is a thoroughly good thing to live. Life is health. Distrust a religion that produces morbidity. Believe in God with a healthy hope.

And then this Psalm says there is the following of Goodness and Mercy. Our Captain is God: and behind, lest we be overtaken and slain, Goodness and Mercy are there following. And Goodness hath her face hidden in a veil. I have never seen

her eyes. I never saw her face, only sometimes I have thought I have seen her lips quiver,—that is Goodness; and all I have ever seen of Goodness, has been her hands. I don't know whether her face is wrinkled or young; I don't know whether her eyes are full of tears or full of laughter. I don't know. I have only seen her hands: Goodness is following, and Goodness hath a hand,—sometimes I have looked at it, and I thought it a woman's hand, and that it was weak and could do nothing but hold babies and tend the sick, and feed the poor,—and then I have thought it was a hand so gigantic, it could hold in the stars when they racing faster than the tempest's steeds, and make them all run back and stay a minute. God is in front of me: I see Him moving like an ocean: and behind is Goodness.

And then there is Mercy. I never saw Mercy's hands, but I have seen her face; I only know she has a face with never a veil on it, and the smile is forever in her eyes,—and sometimes the smile is shadowed with tears, but it is there: and these two follow after us.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life!" David, where's your staff? And he says, "Why,"—he is so old, and his words are brittle, and they break when you touch them,

and,—David, where is your shepherd's crook? "W-h-y," he says, "Shepherd's c-r-o-o-k? W-h-y, I have forgotten,—where, I put it." Oh, David, David, how I pity you: and I said, "David, where's your harp?" "Oh," he said, "my harp? I, think, its strings are broken." David, where's your sword you fetched from slaying Goliath? And he says. "The sword I, fetched, from, slaying, Goliath?—Oh —I do n't know?" And your Kingdom, David where's your Kingdom? And he says "My k-i-n-g d-o-m? D-o you m-e-a-n my shepherd's flock, a-n-d t-h-e fi-e-l-d?" No, David, where is your kingdom? Your KINGDOM? And he says, "You mistake the man: I am a shepherd. And say, "Where 's your God, David?" "O," he said, "The Lord is my shepherd. Goodness and Mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the House of the Lord forever."

That is the geography of life,—God ahead, and Goodness and Mercy to follow you: and before your goings, an opening gate,—not a wide-open gate, do n't think that,—but when you get to it, it will be opened, and you will go through it, and,—"Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." O, David, your hair is gray, your shoulders are stooped, and your memory is broken, and your

crown is tarnished, and your kingdom is gone, and your glory is departed,—but, "I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever!" And then he sings it again, "Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever!" And he says, "Where is my harp? Bring it to me." And he says, "Where is my shepherd's staff? Bring it to me. "Goodness and Mercy SHALL FOLLOW ME ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE: AND I SHALL DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD FOREVER!"—and his voice hath all the quaver lost; and the tremble is gone from his step: and there is no tripping of the words; and he is clamoring like soldiers clamor when the battle turns from defeat to triumph,—"I shall dwell in the house of the Lord, FOREVER! I SHALL dwell in the House of the Lord, FOREVER!!"

And I went away, and I heard his voice clamoring and clanging like triumphant troops with all their battle harness on,—and that voice has clangored through all the centuries, "GOODNESS AND MERCY SHALL FOLLOW ME ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE, AND I SHALL DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD, FOREVER!!! Hear it! **Amen.**